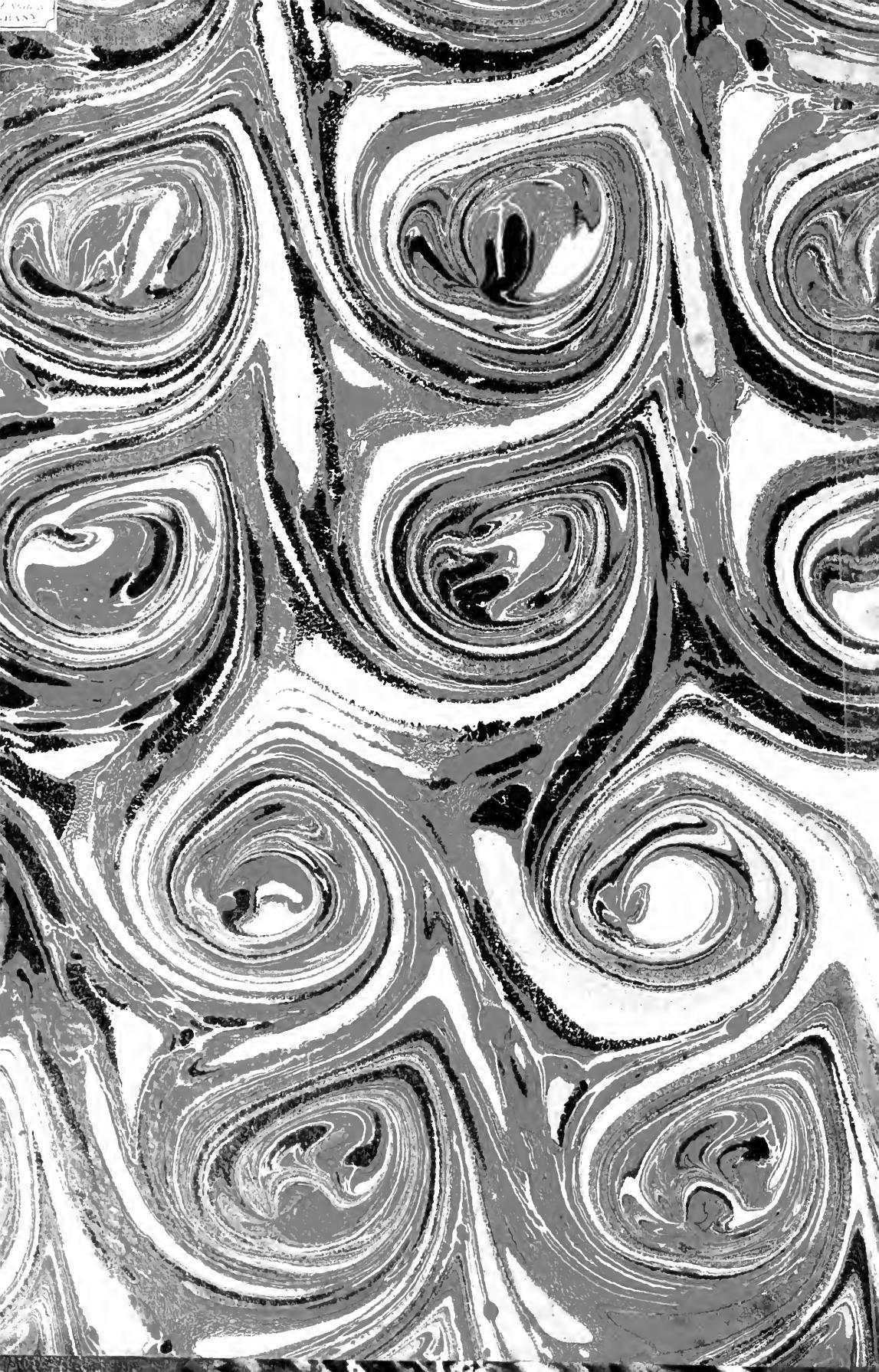
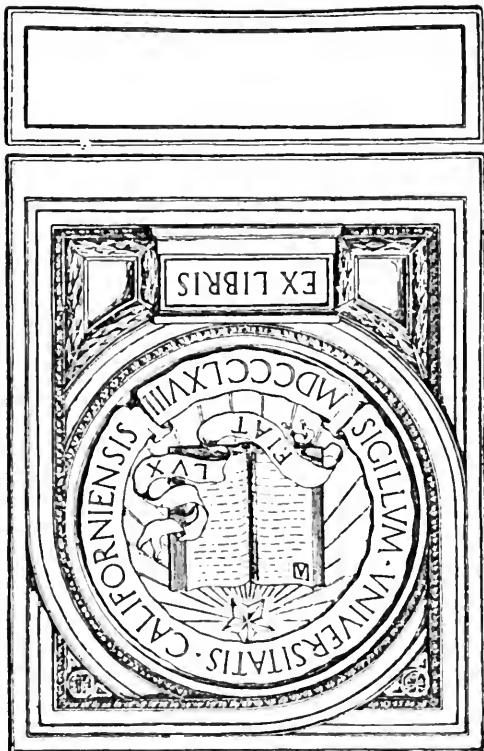


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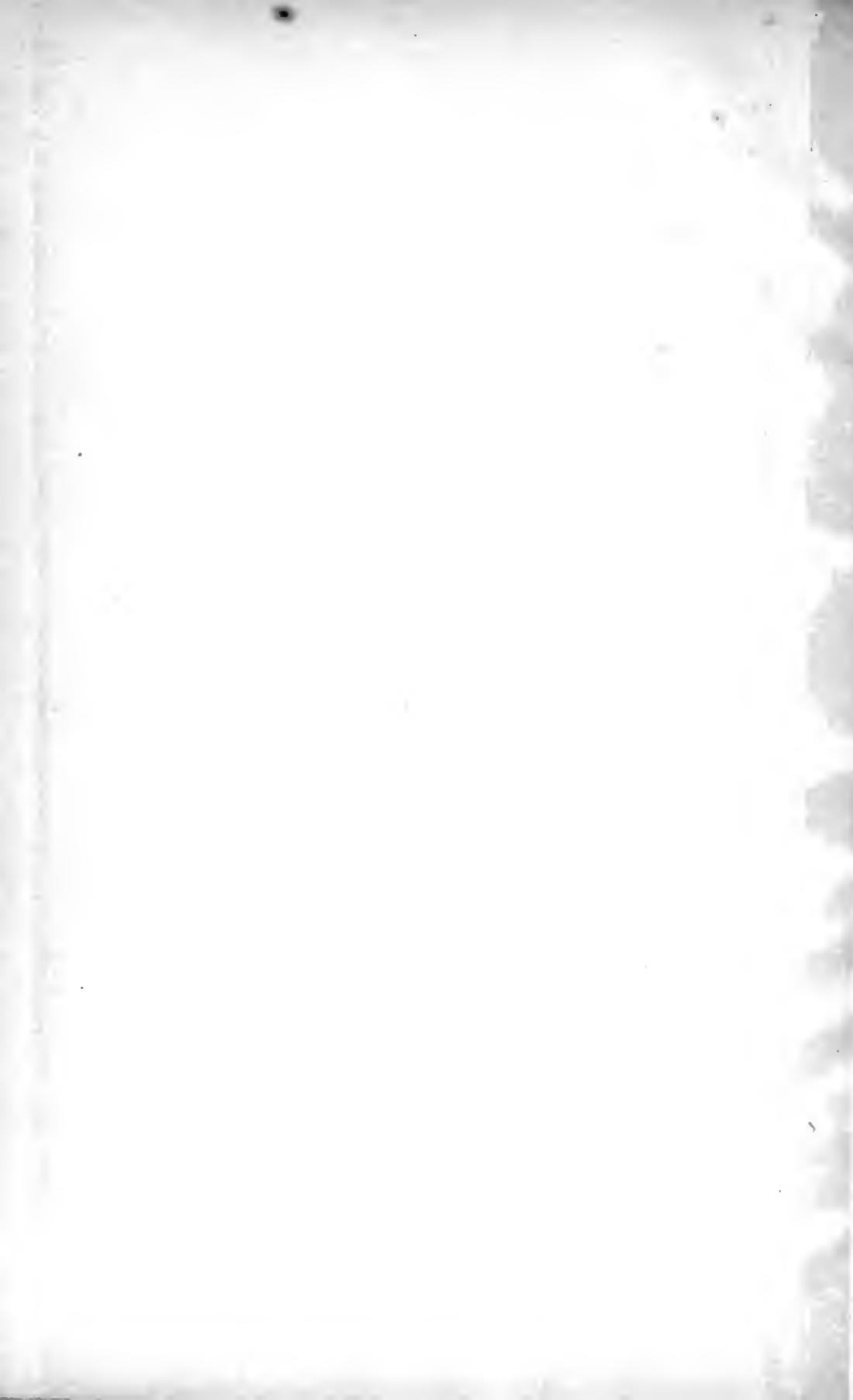


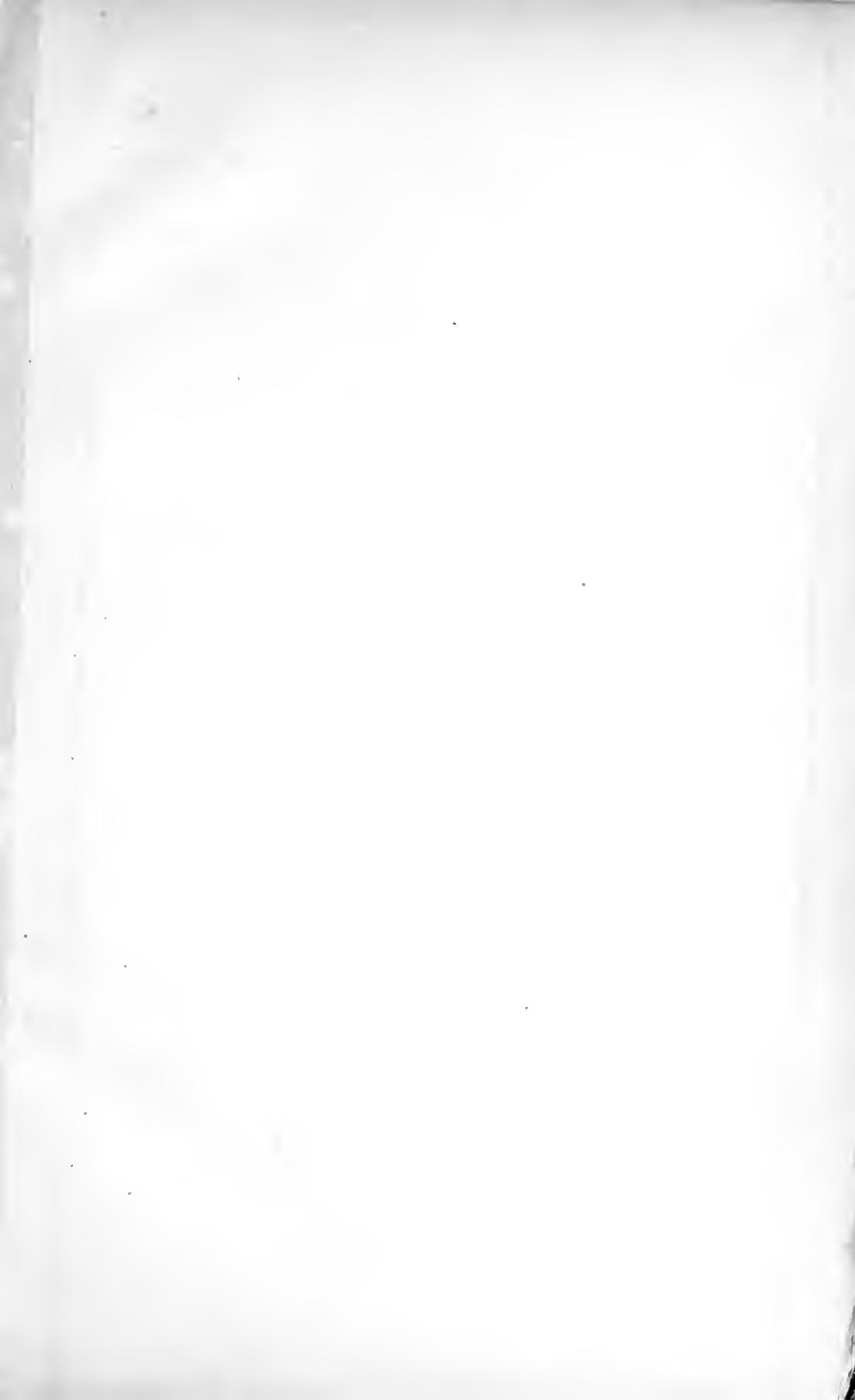




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AN
HISTORICAL SKETCH
OF THE
PROVINCIAL DIALECTS
OF
ENGLAND,
ILLUSTRATED BY NUMEROUS EXAMPLES.

BY
JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL,
F. R. S., F. S. A.



ALBANY, N. Y.:
J. MUNSELL, 78 STATE STREET.
1863





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N O T E .

In reproducing this little volume, the object of the publisher is to aid persons investigating the history of the English language, and at the same time to gratify the curiosity of those who would like to know not only the provincial English words, so often declared to be Americanisms, but how they are employed and pronounced in phrases and sentences. As there are known to be fifty thousand of such words in actual local use, not received into our dictionaries, the subject is certainly as interesting as important.

The Essay forms the introduction to the *Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words*, by Mr. J. O. Halliwell, an author distinguished for his learned and disinterested exertions to extend a knowledge of the English language. Fifty

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copies of it were published separately. It furnishes from the writings of both ancient and modern provincial authors, examples in prose and verse of all the existing dialects. At the close of these are besides examples chronologically arranged of compositions in English from the thirteenth century downwards.

Mr. Halliwell's consent to its publication is kindly expressed in the following note :

No. 6 St. Mary's Place,
Brompton, near London, }
28th Oct., 1861.

DEAR SIR :

You are heartily welcome to reprint the Dialect Essay. It always gives me pleasure when any interest in my pursuits is taken in your great country, which, though troubled, must rise again grander than ever.

Yours truly,

J. O. HALLIWELL.

To JOEL MUNSELL, Esq.

THE
ENGLISH PROVINCIAL DIALECTS.

INTRODUCTION.

ROBERT of Gloucester, after describing the Norman Conquest, thus alludes to the change of language introduced by that event:

And the Normans ne couthe speke tho bote her owe speche,
And speke French as dode atom, and here chyldren dode
also teche.

So that hey men of this lond, that of her blod come,
Holdeth alle thulke speche that hii of hem nome.
Vor bote a man couthe French, me tolth of hym wel lute,
Ac lowe men holdeth to Englyss, and to her kunde speche

ȝute.

Ich wene ther ne be man in world contreyes none,
That ne holdeth to her kunde speche, bote Engelond one.
Ac wel me wot vor to conne bothe wel yt ys,
Vor the more that a man con, the more worth he ys.

This extract describes very correctly the general history of the languages current in England for the first two centuries after the battle of Hastings. Anglo-Norman

was almost exclusively the language of the court, of the Norman gentry, and of literature. "The works in English which were written before the Wars of the Barons belong," says Mr. Wright, "to the last expiring remains of an older and totally different Anglo-Saxon style, or to the first attempts of a new English one formed upon a Norman model. Of the two grand monuments of the poetry of this period, *Layamon* belongs to the former of these classes, and the singular poem entitled the *Ormulum* to the latter. After the middle of the thirteenth century, the attempts at poetical composition in English became more frequent and more successful, and previous to the age of Chaucer we have several poems of a very remarkable character, and some good imitations of the harmony and spirit of the French versification of the time." After the Barons' Wars, the Anglo-Norman was gradually intermingled with the Anglo-Saxon, and no long time elapsed before the mongrel language, English, was in general use, formed, however, from the latter. A writer of the following century thus alleges his reason for writing in English :

In Englisch tonge y schal gow telle,
gyf ge so long with me wyl dwelle;
Ne Latyn wil y speke ne waste,
Bot Englisch that men uses maste,
For that ys goure kynde langage,
That ge hafe here most of usage;

*That can ech man untherstonde
 That is born in Englonde ;
 For that langage ys most schewed,
 Als wel mowe lereþ as lewed.
 Latyn also y trowe can nane,
 Bot tho that hath hit of schole tane ;
 Som can Frensch and no Latyne,
 That useth has court and duellt therinne,
 And som can of Latyn aparty,
 That can Frensch ful febilly ;
 And som untherstondith Englisch,
 That nother can Latyn ne Frensch
Bot lerde, and lewde, old and gong,
Alle untherstondith Englisch tonge.
 Therfore y holde hit most siker thanne
 To schewe the langage that ech man can ;
 And for lewethe men namely,
 That can no more of clergy,
 Tho ken tham whare most nede,
 For clerkes can both se and rede
 In divers bokes of Holy Writt,
 How they schul lyve, yf they loke hit :
 Tharefore y wylle me holly halde
 To that langage that Englisch ys calde.*

MS. Bodl. 48, f. 48.

The author of the *Cursor Mundi* thought each nation should be contented with one language, and that the English should discard the Anglo-Norman :

This ilk bok it es translate
 Into Inglis tong to rede,
 For the love of Inglis lede,
 Inglis lede of Ingland,
 For the commun at understand.
 Frankis rimes here I redd
 Communlik in ilk sted.

Mast es it wroght for Frankis man,
Quat is for him na Frankisean?
 Of Ingland the nacion
 Es Inglyssman thar in commun ;
 The speche that man wit mast may spede,
 Mast thar wit to speke war nede.
Selden was for ani chance
Praised Inglis tong in France !
Give we ilkan thare langage,
Me think we do tham non outrage.

MS. Cott. Vespas. A. iii, f. 2.

In the curious tale of King Edward and the Shepherd, the latter is described as being perfectly astonished with the French and Latin of the court :

The lordis anon to chawmbr went,
 The kyng astur the scheparde sent,
 He was broȝt forth fulle sone ;
 He clawed his hed, his hare he rent,
 He wende wel to have be schent,
 He ne wyst what was to done.
 When he French and Latyn herde,
 He hadde meruelle how it ferde,
 And drew hym ever alone :
 Jhesu, he seid, for thi gret gracie,
 Bryng me fayre out of this place !
 Lady, now here my bone !

MS. Cuntab. Ff. v. 48, f. 55.

In the fifteenth century, English may be said to have been the general language of this country.* At this

* Anne, Countess of Stafford, thus writes in 1438, 1 " ordeyne and make my testament in English tonge for my most profit, redyng, and understandyng in this wise."

period, too, what is now called old English, rapidly lost its grammatical forms, and the English of the time of Henry VIII, orthography excepted, differs very little from that of the present day. A few archaisms now obsolete, and old phrases, constitute the essential differences.

Our present subject is the provincial dialects to which these very brief remarks on the general history of the English language are merely preliminary,—a subject of great difficulty, and one which requires far more reading than has yet been attempted to develop satisfactorily, especially in its earlier period. Believing that the principal use of the study of the English dialects consists in the explanation of archaisms, I have not attempted that research which would be necessary to understand their history, albeit this latter is by no means an unimportant inquiry. The Anglo-Saxon dialects were not numerous, as far as can be judged from the manuscripts in that language which have been preserved, and it seems probable that most of our English dialects might be traced historically and etymologically to the original tribes of the Saxons, Angles, and Jutes, not forgetting the Danes, whose language, according to Wallingford, so long influenced the dialect of Yorkshire. In order to accomplish this we require many more early documents which bear upon the subject than have yet been discovered, and the uncertainty

which occurs in most cases of fixing the exact locality in which they were written adds to our difficulties. When we come to a later period, the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, there being no standard literary form of our native language, every manuscript sufficiently exhibits its dialect, and it is to be hoped that all English works of this period may one day be classed according to their dialects. In such an undertaking, great assistance will be derived from a knowledge of our local dialects as they now exist. Hence the value of specimens of modern provincial language, for in many instances, as in Robert of Gloucester's *Chronicle*, compared with the present dialect of Gloucestershire, the organic forms of the dialect have remained unchanged for centuries. The *Ayenbyte of Incyt* is, perhaps, the most remarkable specimen of early English manuscripts written in a broad dialect, and it proves very satisfactorily that in the fourteenth century the principal features of what is termed the Western dialect were those also of the Kentish dialect. There can be, in fact, little doubt that the former was long current throughout the southern counties, and even extended in some degree as far as Essex.* If we judge from

* This is stated on sufficiently ample authority, but Verstegan appears to limit it in his time to the Western counties,—“ We see that in some severall parts of England it selfe, both the names of things, and pronuntiations of words, are somewhat different, and that among the country people that never borrow any words out of the Latin or French, and of this different pronunciation one ex-

the specimens of early English of which the localities of composition are known, we might perhaps divide the dialects of the fourteenth century into three grand classes, the Northern, the Midland, and the Southern, the last being that now retained in the Western counties. But, with the few materials yet published, I set little reliance on any classification of the kind. If we may decide from Mr. Wright's *Specimens of Lyric Poetry*, which were written in Herefordshire, or from Audelay's *Poems*, written in Shropshire in the fifteenth century, those counties would belong to the Midland division, rather than to the West or South.

The few writers who have entered on the subject of the early English provincial dialects, have advocated their theories without a due consideration of the probability, in many cases the certainty, of an essential distinction between the language of literature and that of the natives of a county. Hence arises a fallacy which has led to curious anomalies. We are not to suppose, merely because we find an early manuscript written in any county in standard English, that that manuscript is a correct critique

ample in stead of many shal suffice, as this : for pronouncing according as one would say at London, *I would eat more cheese if I had it*, the Northern man saith, *Ay sud eat mare cheese gin' ay hadet*, and the Westerne man saith, *Chud eat more cheese an' chad it*. Lo heere three different pronouintiations in our owne country in one thing, and hereof many the like examples might be al- leaged."—*Verstegan's Restitution*, 1634, p. 195.

tion of the dialect of the county. There are several manuscripts written in Kent of about the same date as the *Ayenbyte of Incyt*, which have none of the dialectical marks of that curious work. Most of the quotations here given from early manuscripts must be taken with a similar limitation as to their dialect. Hence the difficulty, from want of authentic specimens, of forming a classification, which has led to an alphabetical arrangement of the counties in the following brief notices.

ENGLISH DIALECTS.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

The dialect of this county has been fully investigated in Batchelor's *Orthoepical Analysis of the English Language*, 8vo. 1809. *Ew* takes the place of *ow*, *ea* of *a*, *ow* of the long *o*, *oi* of *i*, &c. When *r* precedes *s* and *e* final, or *s* and other consonants, it is frequently not pronounced. *Ow* final is often changed into *er*; *ge* final, into *dye*; and *g* final is sometimes omitted.

BERKSHIRE.

The Berkshire dialect partly belongs to the Western, and partly to the Midland, more strongly marked with the features of the former in the south-west of the county. The *a* is changed into *o*, the diphthongs are pronounced broadly, and the vowels are lengthened. *Way* is pronounced *woye*; *thik* and *thak* for this and that; *he* for him, and *she* for her.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

The language of the peasantry is not very broad, although many dialectical words are in general use. A list of the latter was kindly forwarded to me by Dr. Hussey.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

There is little to distinguish the Cambridgeshire dialect from that of the adjoining counties. It is nearly allied to that of Norfolk and Suffolk. The perfect tense is formed strongly, as *hit*, hot, *sit*, sot, *spare*, spore, *e. g.* “if I am spore,” *i. e.* spared, &c. I have to return my thanks to the Rev. J. J. Smith and the Rev. Charles Warren for brief lists of provincialisms current in this county.

CHESHIRE.

The Cheshire dialect changes *l* into *w*, *ul* into *w* or *oo*, *i* into *oi* or *ee*, *o* into *u*, *a* into *o*, *o* into *a*, *u* into *i*, *ea* into *yo*, and *oa* into *wo*. Mr. Wilbraham has published a very useful and correct glossary of Cheshire words, second ed. 12mo. 1836.

Extract from

A SPEECH OF JUDAS ISCARIOT.

In the Play of Christ's Entry into Jerusalem.

By deare God in magistrie!
I am so wroth as I maye be,
And some waye I will wrecken me,

As sone as ever I maie.
My mayster Jesus, as men maye see,
Was rubbed heade, foote, and knye,
With oyntmente of more daintie
Then I see manye a daie.
To that I have greate envye,
That he suffred to destroye
More then all his good thrye,
And his dames towे.
Hade I of it hade maisterye,
I woulde have soulde it sone in hie,
And put it up in tresuerye,
As I was wonte to doe.
Whatsoever wes geven to Jesu,
I have kepte, since I hym knewe ;
For he hopes I wilbe trewe,
His purse allwaie I bare.
Hym hade bene better, in good faye,
Hade spared oyntmente that daie,
For wrocken I wilbe some waie
Of waste that was done thier ;
Three hundreth penny worthes it was
That he let spill in that place ;
Therefore God geve me harde grace,
But hymselfe shalbe soulde
To the Jewes, or that I sitte,
For the tenth penye of it :
And this my maister shalbe quite
My greffe a hundreth foulde.

Chester Plays, ii, 12.

CORNWALL.

It is almost unnecessary to observe, that the ancient Cornish language has long been obsolete. It appears to have been gradually disused from the time of Henry VIII, but it was spoken in some parts of the country

till the eighteenth century. Modern Cornish is now an English dialect, and a specimen of it is here given. Polwhele has recorded a valuable list of Cornish provincialisms, and a new glossary has recently been published, in *Specimens of Cornish Provincial Dialect*, 8vo. 1846. In addition to these, I have to acknowledge several words, hitherto unnoticed, communicated by Miss Hicks, and R. T. Smith, Esq.

Harrison, *Description of Britaine*, p. 14, thus mentions the Cornish language : “The Cornish and Devonshire men, whose countre the Britons call Cerniw, have a speach in like sort of their owne, and such as hath in deed more affinitie with the Armorieane toong than I can well discusse of. Yet in mine opinion, they are both but a corrupted kind of British, albeit so far degenerating in these daies from the old, that if either of them doo meete with a Welshman, they are not able at the first to understand one another, except here and there in some od words, without the helpe of interpretors.”

In Cornwal, Pembr. and Devon they for to milk say milky, for to sqint, to squinny, this, thicky, &c., and after most verbs ending with consonants they elap a *y* but more commonly the lower part of Pembrokeshire.—*Lhuyd's MS. Additions to Ray, Ashm. Mus.*

THE CORNWALL SCHOOLBOY.

An ould man found, one day, a yung gentleman's portmantle, as he were a going to es dennar; he took'd et en and gived et to es wife, and said, “Mally, here's a roul of lither, look, see, I suppose some poor ould shoemaker or other have los'en, tak'en and put'en a top of the

teaster of tha bed, he'll be glad to hab'en agen sum day, I dear say." The ould man, Jan, that was es neame, went to es work as before. Mally then open'd the portmantle, and found en et three hunderd pounds. Soon after thes, the ould man not being very well, Mally said, "Jan, I'ave saaved away a little money, by the bye, and as thee caan't read or write, thee shu'st go to scool" (he were then nigh threescore and ten). He went but a very short time, and comed hoam one day, and said, "Mally, I wain't go to scool no more, 'caase the childer do be laffen at me ; they can tell their letters, and I caan't tell my A, B, C, and I wuld rayther go to work agen." "Do as thee wool," ses Mally. Jan had not ben out many days, afore the yung gentleman came by that lost the portmantle, and said, "Well, my ould man, did'ee see or hear tell of sich a thing as a portmantle ?" "Portmantle, sar, was't that un, sumthing like thickey ? (pointing to one behind es saddle.) I found one the t'other day zackly like that." "Where es et ?" "Come along, I carr'd 'en en and gov'en to my wife Mally ; thee sha't av'en. Mally, where es that roul of lither that I giv'd tha the t'other day ?" "What roul of lither ?" said Mally. "The roul of lither I broft en and tould tha to put'en a top of the teaster of the bed, afore I go'd to scool." "Drat tha emperance," said the gentleman, "thee art betwattled, that was before I were born."

A WESTERN ECLOGUE.

Pengrouze, a lad in many a science blest,
Outshone his toning brothers of the west :
Of smuggling, hurling, wrestling, much he knew,
And much of tin, and much of pilchards too.
Fam'd at each village, town, and country-house,
Menacken, Helstone, Polkinhorne, and Grouze ;
Trespissen, Buddock, Cony-yerle, Treverry,
Polbastard, Hallabazzack, Eglesderry,

Peneob, and Restijeg, Treviskey, Breague,
 Irewinnick, Buskenwyn, Busveal, Rosereague :
 But what avail'd his fame and various art,
 Since he, by love, was smitten to the heart ?
 The shaft a beam of Bet Polglaze's eyes ;
 And now he dumplin loaths, and pilchard pies.
 Young was the lass, a servant at St. Tizzy,
 Born at Polpiss, and bred at Mevagizzy.
 Calm o'er the mountain blush'd the rising day,
 And ting'd the summit with a purple ray,
 When sleepless from his hutch the lover stole,
 And met, by chance, the mistress of his soul.
 And " Whither go'st ? " he scratched his skull and ery'd ;
 " Arrear, God bless us," well the nymph reply'd,
 " To Yealston sure, to buy a pound o' backy,
 That us and measter wonderfully lacky ;
 God bless us ale, this fortnight, 'pon my word,
 We nothing smoaks but oak leaves and cue-terd.

Pengrouze.

Arrear then, Bessy, ly aloane the backy,
 Sty here a tiny bit and let us talky.
 Bessy, I loves thee, wot a ha me, zay,
 Wot ha Pengrouze, why wot a, Bessy, haë ?

Bet Polglaze.

Ah, hunkin, hunkin, mind at Moushole fair
 What did you at the Choughs, the alehouse there ?
 When you stows eighteen pence in cakes and beer,
 To treat that dirty trollup, Mall Rosevear :
 You stuffs it in her gills, and makes such pucker,
 Arrear the people thoft you wid have choack her.

Pengrouze.

Curse Mall Rosevear, I says, a great jack whore,
 I ne'er sees such a dirty drab before :
 I stuffs her gills with cakes and beer, the hunk,
 She stuffs herself, she meslin and got drunk.

Best* drink sure for her jaws wan't good enow,
 So lecker† makes her drunk as David's sow ;
 Her feace is like a bull's, and 'tis a foool,
 Her legs are like the legs' o' cobbler's stool ;
 Her eyes be grean's a lick,‡ as yaffers big,
 Noase flat's my hond, and neck so black's a pig.

Bet Polyglaze.

Ay, but I've more to say ; this isn't ale,
 You deane'd wy Mall Rosevear 't a sartin bale ;
 She toald me so, and lefts me wy a sneare—
 Ay ! you, Pengrouze, did deance wy Mall Rosevear.

Pengrouze.

Now, Bessy, hire me, Bessy, vath and soale,
 Hire me, I says, and thou shat hire the whoale ;
 One night, a Wensday night, I vows to Goade,
 Aloane, a hossback, to Tresonze I roade ;
 Sure Bessy vath, dist hire me, 'tis no lies.
 A d—mnder bale was never seed wy eyes.
 I hires sum mizziek at an oald bearne doore,
 And hires a wondrous rousing on the floore ;
 So in I pops my head ; says I, arreare !
 Why, what a devil's neame is doing heare ?
 Why deancing, cries the crowder by the wale,
 Why deancing, deancing, measter—'tis a bale.
 Deaneing, says I, by Gam I hires sum preaneers,
 But tell us where the devil be the deancers ;
 For fy the dust and strawze so fled about,
 I could not, Bessy, spy the hoppers out.
 At laste I spies Rosevear, I wish her dead,
 Who meakes me deance all nite, the stinking jade.
 Says I, I have no shoose to kick a foote :
 Why kick, says Mall Rosevear, then kick thy boote.

* Best drink implies strong beer.

† Brandy.

‡ Green as a leek.

And, Bet, dist hire me, for to leert us ale,
A furthing candle wink'd again the wale.

Bet Polglaze.

Ah, hunkin, hunkin, I am huge afraid
That you is laughing at a simple maid.

Pengrouze.

Deare, dearest Bet, let's hug thee to my hearte,
And may us never never never pearte !
No, if I lies than, Bossy, than I wishes
The Shauckleheads may never close the fishes ;
That picky dogs may eat the seacane when fule,
Eat'n to rags, and let go ale the schule.

Bet Polglaze.

Then here's my hond, and wy it teake my hearte.

Pengrouze.

Goade bless us too, and here is mines, ods hearte !
One buss, and then to Pilcharding I'll packy.

Bet Polglaze.

And I to Yealstone for my measter's backy.

A CORNISH SONG.

Come, all ye jolly Tinner boys, and listen to me ;
I'll tell ee of a storie shall make ye for to see,
Consarning Boney Peartie, the schaames which he had
maade
To stop our tin and copper mines, and all our pilchard
traade.
He summonsed forty thousand men, to Polland they
did goa,
All for to rob and plunder there you very well do
knawa ;

But *ten-thou-sand* were killed, and laade dead in blood
and goare,
And thirty thousand ranned away, and I cante tell
where, I'm sure.
And should that Bony Peartie have forty thousand still
To maake into an army to work his wicked will,
And try for to invaade us if he doeut quickly fly—
Why, forty thousand Cornish boys shall knawa the
reason why.
Hurea for tin and copper, boys, and fisheries likewise!
Hurea for Cornish maadens—oh, bless their pretty eyes!
Hurea for our ould gentrie, and may they never faale!
Hurea, hurea for Cornwall! hurea, boys, “one and ale!”

CUMBERLAND.

The dialects of Cumberland, Westmoreland, North-umberland, and Durham may be considered to be identical in all essential peculiarities, the chief differences arising from the mode of pronunciation. According to Boucher, the dialect of Cumberland is much less uniform than that of Westmoreland. In Cumberland, *wo* is in frequent use instead of the long *o*, as will be noticed in the following example. A glossary of Cumberland words was kindly forwarded to me by Mr. Thomas Sanderson.

LOVE IN CUMBERLAND.

TUNE.—“Cuddle me, Cuddy.”

Wa, Jwohn, what'n mannishment's 'tis
'At tou's gawn to dee for a hizzy!
Aw hard 'o this torrable fiss,
An' aw's cum't to advise tha',—'at is ee.

Mun, thou'll nobbet lwose tee gud neame
 Wi' gowlin an' whingin sea mickle ;
 Cockswunturs ! min beyde about heame,
 An' let her e'en ga to auld Nickle.

Thy plew-geer's aw liggin how-strow,
 An' somebody's stown thee thy eouter ;
 Oh faiks ! thou's duin little 'at dow
 To fash theesel ivver about her.

Your Seymey has broken ear stang,
 An' mendit it wid a clog-coaker ;
 Pump-tree's geane aw wheyt wrang,
 An' they've sent for auld Tom Stawker.

Young filly's dung oure the lang stee,
 An' leam'd peer Andrew the theeker ;
 Thee mudder wad suffer't for tee,
 An' haw hadn't happ'n't to cleek her.

Thou's spoilt for aw manner o' wark :
 Thou nobbet sits peghan an' pleenan.
 Odswucke, man ! doff that durty sark,
 An' pretha gi'e way git a clean an !

An' then gow to Carel wi' me,—
 Let her gang to knock-cross wid her sewornin,
 See elanken at market we'll see,
 A'll up'od ta' forgit her 'or mwornin' !

SONG, BY MISS BLAMIRE.

What ails this heart o' mine ?
 What means this wat'ry e'e ?
 What gars me ay turn pale as death
 When I tak' leave o' thee ?
 When thou art far awa',
 Thou'll dearer be to me ;

But change o' place, and change o' folk,
May gar thy fancy jee.

When I sit down at e' en,
Or walk in morning air,
Ilk rustling bough will seem to say,
I us'd to meet thee there :
Then I'll sit down and wail,
And greet aneath a tree,
And gin a leaf fa' i' my lap,
I's ca't a word frae thee.

I'll hie me to the bow'r
Where yews wi' roses tred,
And where, wi' monie a blushing bud,
I strove my face to hide ;
I'll doat on ilka spot,
Where I ha'e been wi' thee,
And ca' to mind some kindly look
'Neath ilka hollow tree.

Wi' see thoughts i' my mind,
Time thro' the warl may gae,
And find me still, in twenty years,
The same as I'm to-day :
'Tis friendship bears the sway,
And keeps friends i' the e'c ;
And gin I think I see thee still,
Wha can part thee and me ?

DERBYSHIRE.

“ This dialect,” observes Dr. Bosworth, “ is remarkable for its broad pronunciation. In *me* the *e* is pronounced long and broad, as *mee*. The *l* is often omitted after *a* or *o*, as *aw* for all, *caw*, call, *bowl*, bold,

coud, cold. Words in *ing* generally admit the *g*, but sometimes it is changed into *k*; as *think* for thing, *lovin* for loving. They use *con* for can; *conner* for cannot; *shanner* for shall not; *wool*, *wooner* for will, and will not; *yo* for you, &c." Lists of provincial words peculiar to this county have been kindly forwarded by Dr. Bosworth, Thomas Bateman, Esq., the Rev. Samuel Fox, the Rev. William Shilleto, Mrs. Butler, and L. Jewitt, Esq.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN FARMER BENNET AND
TUMMUS LIDE.

Farmer Bennet. Tummus, why dunner yo mend meh shoom?

Tummus Lide. Beeoz, mester, 'tis zo cood, I conner work wee the tachin at aw. I've brockn it ten times I'm shur to de—it freezes zo hard. Why, Hester hung out a smock-frock to dry, an in three minits it wor frozzen as stiff as a proker, an I conner afford to keep a good fire; I wish I cud. I'd soon mend yore shoon, and others tow. I'd soon yarn some munny, I warrant ye. Conner yo find sum work for m', mester, these hard times? I'll doo onnythink to addle a penny. I con thresh—I con split wood—I con mak spars—I con thack. I con skower a dike, and I con trench tow, but it freezes zo hard. I con winner—I con fother, or milk, if there be need on't. I woodner mind drivin plow or onnythink.

Farmer B. I hanner got nothing for ye to doo, Tummus; but Mester Boord towd me jist now that they wor gooin to winner, and that they shud want sumbody to help 'em.

Tummus L. O, I'm glad on't. I'll run oor and zee whether I con help 'em; but I hanner bin weein the

threshold ov Mester Boord's doer for a nation time,
becoz I thoot misses didner use Hester well; bur I
dunner bear malice, and zo I'll goo.

Farmer B. What did Missus Boord za or doo to
Hester then?

Tummus L. Why, Hester may be wor summut to
blame too; for her wor one on 'em, de ye zee, that jawd
Skimmerton,—the mak-gam that frunted zum o' the
gentefook. They said 'twor time to dun wee sieh
litter or sieh stuff, or I dunner know what they cawd it;
but they wor frunted wee Hester bout it; and I said,
if they wor frunted wee Hester, they mid bee frunted
wee mee. This set misses's back up, and Hester
hanner bin a charrin there sin. But 'tis no use to
bear malice: and zo I'll goo oor, and zee which we the
winde blows.

Bosworth's *Anglo-Saxon Dictionary*, Introd. p. 31.

DEVONSHIRE.

The munuscript Ashmole 33 contains an early ro-
mance, written about the year 1377, which appears to
have been composed by a clergyman living in the diocese
of Exeter. Several extracts from it will be found in the
following pages. The manuscript possesses great in-
terest, having part of the author's original draught of the
romance. See farther in Mr. Black's *Catalogue*, col. 15.

A Devonshire Song is printed in *Wits Interpreter*,
ed. 1671, p. 171; the Devonshire Ditty occurs in
the same work, p. 247. The *Exmoor Scolding* and the
Exmoor Courtship, specimens of the broad Devonshire
dialect at the commencement of the last century, have
been lately republished. The third edition was pub-

lished at Exeter in 1746, 4to. Mr. Marshall has given a list of West Devonshire words in his *Rural Economy of the West of England*, 1796, vol. i, pp. 323-32, but the best yet printed is that by Mr. Palmer, appended to a *Dialogue in the Devonshire Dialect*, 8vo. 1837. A brief glossary is also added to the *Devonshire Dialogue*, 8vo. 1839. My principal guide, however, for the dialectical words of this county, is a large manuscript collection stated in Mr. Thomas Rodd's *Catalogue of Manuscripts* for 1845 (No. 276) to have been written by Dr. Milles, Dean of Exeter, and quoted in this work, as *Dean Milles' Manuscript*. I have been since informed that it was compiled by the late Rev. Richard Hole, but in either case its integrity and value are undoubted. Notes of Devonshire words have been kindly transmitted by the Rev. John Wilkinson, J. H. James, Esq., William Chappell, Esq., Mrs. Lovell, and Mr. J. Metcalfe. The West Country dialect is now spoken in greater purity in Devonshire than in any other county.

The following remarks on the English dialects are taken from Aubrey's *Natural History of Wiltshire*, a manuscript preserved in the library of the Royal Society:

The Northern parts of England speake gutturally; and in Yorkshire and the bishoprick of Durham they have more of the *cadence*, or Scottish tone than they have at Edinborough: in like manner, in Herefordshire they have more of the Welsh *cadence* than they have in Wales. The Westerne people cannot open their mouthes to speak *ore rotundo*. Wee pronounce *paal*, *pale*, &c., and especially in Devonshire. The Exeter Coll. men in disputations, when they allege *Causa*

Causæ est Causa Causati, they pronounce it *Caza*, *Cazæ est Caza Cazati* very ungracefully. Now econtra the French and Italians doe naturally pronounce a fully ore rotundo, and e, and even children of French born in England ; and the farther you goe South the more fully, qd. NB. This must proceed from the earth or aire, or both. One may observe, that the speech (twang or accent—adiantus) of ye vulgar begins to alter some thing towards the Herefordshire manner even at Cyrencester. Mr. Thom. Hobbs told me, that Sir Charles Cavendish did say, that the Greekes doe sing their words (as the Hereff. doe in some degree). From hence arose the accents, not used by the ancients. I have a conceit, that the Britons of the South part of this isle, e. g. the Trinobantes, &c., did speak no more gutturrall, or twangings, than the inhabitants doe now. The tone, accent, &c., depends on the temper of the earth (and so to plants) and aire.

A LOVERS' DIALOGUE.

Rab. I love dearly, Bet, to hear the tell ; but, good loving now, let's tell o'zummet else. Time slips away.

Bet. I, fegs, that it dith. I warnis our vokes wonder what the godger's a come o' me. I'll drive home. I wish thee good neart.

Rab. Why there now. Oh, Bet ! you guess what I ha to tell about, and you warnt hear me.

Bet. I, say so, co ;—a fiddle-de-dee—blind mares.

Rab. There agen !—did ever any boddy hear the like ? Well, soce, what be I to do ?

Bet. I wish, Rab, you'd leave vetting me. Pithee, let's hear no more o'at.

Rab. Woll, I zee how 'tis. You'll be the death o'me, that's a zure thing.

Bet. Dear hart, how you tell ! I the death o'thee !—no, not vor the world, Rab. Why I'd ne'er the heart

to hurt thee nor any kindest thing in all my born days.
What whimzies you have ! Why do ye put yourself in
such a pucker ?

Rab. Why, because the minnet I go about to break
my meend, whip soce, you be a-go, and than I coud
bite my tongue.

Bet. Why than will you veass me away when you
know I can't abide to hear o'at ? Good-now, don't'ee
zay no more about et. Us have always been good
friends—let us bide so.

Rab. I've now began, and I want let thee go till thee
hast a-heard me out.

Bet. Well, I woll, but don't'ee cream my hand zo.

Rab. I don't know what I do nor what I zay ;—many
many nearts I ha'nt a teen'd my eyes vor thinking o'
thee. I can't live so, 'tis never the neer to tell o'at ;
and I must make an end o'at wan way or t'other. I
be bent upon't; therefore don't stand shilly-shally, but
lookeedezee, iv thee disn't zay thee wid ha me, bevore
thieea cloud hath heal'd every sheen o' the moon, zure
and double zure I'll ne'er ax thee agen, but go a soger
and never zee home no more. Lock ! lock ! my preeious,
what dist cry vor ?

Bet. I be a cruel moody-hearted tiresome body ; and
you seare wan, you do zo. I'm in a sad quandory.
Iv I say is, I may be sorry ; and if I zay no, I may be
sorry too, zimmet. I hop you widn't use me badly.

Rab. Dist think, my sweeting, I shall e'er be maz'd
anew to claw out my own eyes ? and thee art dearer to
me than they be.

Bet. Hold not so breach now, but hear first what I've
to zay. You must know, Rab, the leet money I've a
croop'd up I be a shirk'd out o', but 'twill never goodee
way an. I'll tell thee how I was e need.

Rab. Good-now, lovey, don'tee think o'at. We shall
fadgee and find without et. I can work, and will work,
and all my carking and caring will be for thee, and

everything shall bee as thee woud ha'et. Thee shall do what thee wid.

Bet. I say so too. Co, co, Rab, how you tell! Why, pithee, don'tee think I be such a ninny-hammer as to desire et. If 'tis ordained I shall ha thee, I'll do my best to make tha a gude wife. I don't want to be cocker'd Hark! hark! don't I hear the bell lowering for aight?—'tis, as I live. I shall ha et whan I get home.

Rab. If I let thee go now, will meet me agen to-morrow evening in the dimmet?

Bet. No. To-morrow morning at milking time I woll.

Rab. Sure.

Bet. Sure and sure. So I wish thee good neart.

Rab. Neart, neart, my sweeting!

JOHN CHAWBACON AND HIS WIFE MOLL, CUM UP T'
EXETER TO ZEE THE RAILWAY OPENED.

“Lor Johnny! lor Johnny! now whativver es that,
A urning along like a hoss upon wheels?
'Tis as bright as yer buttons, and as black as yer hat,
And jist listen, Johnny, and yer how 'a squeals!”

“Dash my buttons, Moll—I'll be darn'd if I know;
Us was vools to come yerr and to urn into danger;
Let's be off—a spits vire! lor, do let us go—
And 'a holds up his head like a gooze at a stranger.

“I be a bit vrighten'd—but let us bide yerr;
And hark how 'a puffs, and 'a caughs, and 'a blows;
He edden unlike the old cart-hoss last yer—
Broken-winded;—and yet only zee how 'a goes!

“A urns upon ladders, with they things like wheels,
Or hurdles, or palings, put down on the grounnd;
But why do they let 'un stray out of the veels?
'Tis a wonder they don't clap 'un into the pound.”

“ ‘A can’t be alive, Jan—I don’t think ‘a can.’”

“ I bain’t sure ’o that, Moll, for jist look’ee how
‘A breathes like a hoss, or a znivell’d old man :—
‘ And hark how he’s bust out a caughing, goodnow.

“ ‘A never could dra’ all they waggins, d’ee zee,
If ‘a lived upon vatches, or turmets, or hay ;
Why, they waggins be vill’d up with people—they be
And do ‘ee but look how they’m larfin away !

“ And look to they childern a urning about,
W’i their mouths vull of gingerbread, there by the
zhows ;
And zee to the seores of fine ladies turn’d out ;
And gentlemen, all in their best Zunday clothes.

“ And look to this houze made o’ canvas zo zmart ;
And the dinner zet out with such bussle and fuss ;—
But us brought a squab pie, you know, in the cart,
And a keg of good zider—zo that’s nort to us.

“ I tell ‘ee what ‘tis, Moll—this here is my mind,
The world’s gone quite maze, as zure as you’m born
‘Tis as true as I’m living—and that they will vind,
With their hosses on wheels that don’t live upon corn

“ I wouldn’t go homeward b’mbye to the varm
Behind such a critter, when all’s zed and dun,
We’ve a travell’d score miles, but we never got harm,
Vor there’s nort like a market cart under the zun.”

DORSETSHIRE.

“ The rustic dialect of Dorsetshire,” observes Mr. Barnes, “ is, with little variation, that of most of the Western parts of England which were included in the

kingdom of the West Saxons, the counties of Surrey, Hants, Berks, Wilts, and Dorset, and parts of Somerset and Devon." The Dorset dialect, however has essential features of that of the Western counties which are not heard in Surrey or Hants, as will be sufficiently apparent from the specimens here given. The language of the south-east part of Dorsetshire is more nearly allied to that of Hants.

"In the town of Poole," according to Dr. Salter, "there is a small part which appears to be inhabited by a peculiar race of people, who are, and probably long have been, the fishing population of the neighbourhood. Their manner of speaking is totally different from that of the neighbouring rusties. They have a great predilection for changing all the vowels into short *u*, using it in the second person, but without a pronoun, and suppressing syllables, e. g. *cas'n car't*, can you not carry it, &c." Mr. Vernon, in remarking upon these facts, observes, "the language of our seamen in general is well worth a close investigation, as it certainly contains not a few archaisms; but the subject requires time and patience, for in the mouths of those who call the *Belle-rophon* and the *Ville de Milan*, the *Billy Ruffian* and the *Wheel-em-along*, there is nothing

"But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something new and strange."

This must be received with some limitation, and perhaps applies almost entirely to difficult modern terms not easily intelligible to the uneducated. Many of the prin-

cipal English nautical terms have remained unchanged for centuries.

Valuable lists of Dorsetshire words have been liberally sent me by the Rev. C. W. Bingham, James Davidson, Esq., Samuel Bagster, Esq., Dr. Salter, and G. Gollop, Esq.; but my principal references have been made to the glossary attached by Mr. Barnes to his *Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect*, 8vo. 1844. The same work contains a dissertation on the dialect, with an account of its peculiar features. The change of *o* into *a*, so common in Dorsetshire, completely disappears as we proceed in a westerly direction towards Worcestershire.

A LETTER FROM A PARISH CLERK IN DORSETSHIRE TO
AN ABSENT VICAR,

In the Dialect of the County. From *Poems on several Occasions*, formerly written by John Free, D. D., 8vo. Lond, 1757, p. 81.

Measter, an't please you, I do zend
Theaz letter to you as a friend,
Hoping you'll pardon the inditing,
Becaz I am not us'd to writing,
And that you will not take unkind
A word or zo from poor George Hind,
For I am always in the way,
And needs must hear what people zay.
First of the house they make a joke,
And zay the chimmies never smoak.
Now the occasion of these jests,
As I do think, where zwallows nests,
That chanc'd the other day to vaal
Into the parlour sut and aal.

Bezide, the people not a few
 Begin to murmur much at you,
 For leaving of them in the lurch,
 And letting straingers zerve the church,
 Who are in haste to go agen,
 Zo, we ha'nt zang the Lord knows wh'en.
 And for their preaching, I do know
 As well as moost, 'tis but zo, zo.
 Zure if the call you had were right
 You ne'er could thus your neighbours slight.
 But I do fear you've zet your aim on
 Naught in the world but vilthy mammon, &c.

AXEN MAIDENS TO GOO TO FIAIR.

To-marra work so hard's ya can,
 An' git yer jobs up under han',
 Var Dick an' I, an' Poll's young man
 Be gwâin to fair; an' zoo
 If you'll tiake hold ov each a yarm
 Along the road ar in the zwarm
 O' vo'ke we'll kip ye out o'harm,
 An' gi ye a flairen too.

We woon't stây liate ther; I'll be boun'
 We'll bring our shiades baick out o' town
 Zome wloys avore the zun is down,
 So long's the sky is clear;
 An' zoo, when al yer work's a-done,
 Yer mother cant but let ye run
 An' zee a little o' the fun
 Wher nothin is to fear.

The zun ha' flow'rs to love his light,
 The moon ha' sparklen brooks at night,
 The trees da like the plâysome flight
 Ov ayer vrom the west.

Let zome like empty sounds to mock
 Ther luonesome vâice by hill or rock,
 But merry chaps da like t' unlock
 Ther hearts to maidens best.

Zoo you git ready now, d'ye hear ?
 Ther's nar another fair so near,
 An' thiese don't come but twice a year,
 An' you woon't vind us spiaren.
 We'll goo to all the zights an' shows
 O' tumblers wi' ther spangled cloa's,
 An' conjurers wi' eunnen blows,
 An' raffle var a fiairen.

THE WOODLANDS.

O spread agen your leaves an' flow'rs,
 Luonesome woodlauds ! sunny woodlands !
 Here underneath the dewy show'rs
 O' warm-âir'd spring-time, sunny woodlands !
 As when, in drong ar oben groun',
 Wi' happy buoyish heart I voun'
 The twitt'ren birds a-builden roun'
 Your high bough'd hedges, sunny woodlands !

Ya gie'd me life, ya gie'd me jây,
 Luonesome woodlands ! sunny woodlands !
 Ya gie'd me health as in my plây
 I rambled droo ye, sunny woodlands !
 Ya gie'd me freedom var to rove
 In âiry meâd or shiady grove ;
 Ya gie'd me smilen Fanny's love,
 The best ov all o't, sunny woodlands !

My vust shill skylark whiver'd high,
 Luonesome woodlands ! sunny woodlands !
 To zing below your deep-blue sky,
 An' white spring-clouds, O sunny woodlands !

An' boughs o' trees that oonce stood here,
 Wer glossy green the happy year
 That gie'd me oon I lov'd so dear,
 An' now ha lost, O zunny woodlands !

O let me rove agen unspied,
 Luonesome woodlands ! zunny woodlands !
 Along your green-bough'd hedges' zide,
 As then I rambled, zunny woodlands !
 An' wher the missèn trees oonce stood,
 Ar tongues oonce rung among the wood,
 My memory shall miake em good,
 Though you've alost em, zunny woodlands !

THE WEEPEN LIADY.

When liate o' nights, upon the green,
 By *thik* wold house, the moon da sheen,
 A liady there a-hangen low
 Her head's a-wak-en to an' fro
 In robes so white's the driven snow;
 Wi' oon yarm down, while oon da rest
 Al lily-white upon the breast
 O *thik* poor weepen liady.

The curdin win' an' whislen squall
 Do shiake the ivy by the wall,
 An' miake the plyen tree-tops rock,
 But never ruffle her white frock
 An' slammen door an' rottlen lock
 That in *thik* empty house da sound,
 Da never seem to miake look round
Thik downcast weepen liaday,

A liaday, as the tiale da goo,
 That oonce liv'd there, an' lov'd too true,
 Wer by a young man cast azide
 A mother sad, but not a bride ;

An' then her father in his pride
 An anger offer'd oon o' two
 Vull bitter things to undergoo
 To *thik* poor weepen liady.

That she herzuf should leäve his door,
 To darken it again noo muore,
 Ar that her little plâysome chile,
 A-zent awoy a thousand mile,
 Should never meet her eyes to smile,
 An' plây again, till she in shiame
 Should die an' leäve a tarnish'd niamie,
 A sad variaken liady.

“ Let me be lost,” she cried, “ the while,
 I do but know var my poor chile; ”
 An' left the huome ov al her pride,
 To wander droo the wordle wide,
 Wi' grief that vew but she ha' tried,
 An' lik' a flow'r a blow ha' broke,
 She wither'd wi' *thik* deadly stroke,
 An' died a weepen liady.

An' she da keep a-comen on,
 To zee *thik* father dead an' gone,
 As if her soul could have noo rest
 Avore her teary chiak's a-prest
 By his vargiv-en kiss : zoo blest
 Be they that can but live in love,
 An' vine a pliaee o' rest above,
 Unlik' the weepen liady.

DURHAM.

The Durham dialect is the same as that spoken in Northumberland and the North Riding of Yorkshire, the former being more like Scotch, and the latter more

like English, but each in a very slight degree. The Durham pronunciation, though soft, is monotonous and drawling. See the *Quarterly Review* for Feb. 1836, p. 358.

No glossary of Durham words has yet appeared, but Kennett has recorded a considerable number in his *Manuscript Glossary*. I have been enabled to add many unknown to that author, derived from communications by the Rev. R. Douglas, George B. Richardson, Esq., Miss Portus, E. T. Warburton, Esq., and Mr. S. Ward.

If the following anecdote be true, Southern English is but little known amongst some of the lower orders in Durham :

“John,” said a master tanner in South Durham, the other day, to one of his men, “bring in some fuel.” John walked off, revolving the word in his mind, and returned with a pitchfork ! “I don’t want that,” said the wondering tanner ; “I want fuel, John.” “Beg your pardon,” replied the man, “I thought you wanted something to turn over the skins.” And off he went again, not a whit the wiser, but ashamed to confess his ignorance. Mueh meditating, he next pitched upon the besom, shouldering which, he returned to the counting-house. His master was now in a passion. “What a stupid ass you are, John,” he exclaimed ; “I want some sticks and shavings to light the fire.” “Oh-h-h-h !” rejoined the rustic, “that’s what you want, is it ? Why couldn’t you say so at first, master, instead of using a London dictionary word ?” And, wishful to show that he was not alone in his ignorance, he called a comrade to the tanner’s presence, and asked him if he knew what fuel was. “Aye !” answered Joe, “ducks and geese, and sike like !”—*Gateshead Observer*.

ESSEX.

The dialect of Essex is closely allied in some parts of the county to that of Kent, and in others to that of Suffolk, though generally not so broad, nor spoken with the strong Suffolk whining tone. Mr. Charles Clark has given a glossary of Essex words at the end of *John Noakes and Mary Styles, or an Essex Calf's Visit to Tiptree Races*, Svo. 1839, and I am indebted for many others to the kindness of the Rev. W. Pridden and Mr. Edward T. Hill. A list of Essex words is given in the *Monthly Magazine* for July, 1814, pp. 498-9.

From
A POEM OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY,
By the Vicar of Maldon.

Therfor, my leffe chyld, I schalle teehe the,
Herken me welle the maner and the gyse,
How thi sowle inward schalle aqueyntyd be
With thewis good and vertw in alle wysse :
Rede and conseyve, for he is to dispice,
That redyth ay, and noot what is ment,
Suehe redyng is not but wynde despent.
Pray thi God and prayse hym with alle thi hart,
Fadir and modyr have in reverence,
Love hem welle, and be thou never to smert
To her mennys consayle, but kepe the thens,
Tyllie thu be clepid be clene withowȝt offence :
Salyw gladly to hym that is moor dygne
Than art thiselfe, thu sehalt thi plase resygne.
Drede thi mayster, thy thynge loke thu kepe,
Take hede to thy housold, ay love thy wyff,
Plesaunte wordes ouȝt of thi mowth schalle crepe;
Be not irous, kepe thi behest os lyff,
Be tempryd, wyȝte, and non excessyff ;

Thy wyves wordes make thu noon actorit ,
In folisciepe no moor thanne nedyth the.

MS. Harl. 271, f. 26.

COCK-A-BEVIS HILL.

At Tottum's Cock-a-Bevis Hill,
A sput supass'd by few,
Where toddlers ollis haut to eye
The proper pritty view;

Where people erake so oy the place
Leas-ways, so I've hard say;
An' frum its top yow, sarteny,
Can see a monsus way.

'Bout this oad Hill, I warrant ya,
Their bog it nuver ceases;
They'd growl shud yow nut own that it
Beats Danbury's au' to pieces.

But no sense ov a place, some think,
Is this ere hill so high,—
Cos there, full oft, 'tis nation coad,
But that don't argufy.

Yit, if they their inquirations maaake
In winter time, some will
Condenin that place as no great shakes,
Where folks ha' the coad-chill!

As sum'dy, 'haps, when nigh the sput,
May ha' a wish to see't,—
From Mauldon toun to Keldon 'tis,
An' 'gin a four releet,

Where up the road the load it goos
So lugsome an' so stiff,
That hosses mosly kitch a whop,
Frum drivers in a tiff.

But who'd pay a hoss when tugging on ?
 None but a tetchy elf:
 Tis right on plain etch chap desarves
 A clumsy thump himself.

Haul'd o'er the coals, sich fellars e'er
 Shud be, by Martin's Act;
 But, then, they're rayther muggy oft,
 So with um we're not zact.

But thussins, 'haps, to let him oaf
 Is wrong, becos etch carter,
 If maade to smart, his P's and Q's
 He'd mine forever arter.

At Cock-a-Bevis Hill, too, the
 Wiseacres show a tree,
 Which if yow clamber up, besure,
 A precious way yow see.

I dorn't think I eud clime it now,
 Aldoe I uster eud ;
 Ishud'nt warsley loike to troy,
 For guelch cum down I shud.

My head 'ood swim,—I 'oodn't do'it
 Nut even for a guinea:
 A naarbour ax'd me, tother day,
 " Naa, naa," says I, " nut quinny."

At Cock-a-Bevis Hill, I was
 A-goon to tell the folks,
 Some warses back—when I bargun—
 In peace there lived John Noakes.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

It has been already remarked that the organic forms of the Gloucestershire dialect have remained unchanged for centuries, and are to be traced in Robert of Glou-

ester's *Chronicle*. Many Anglo-Saxon words are here preserved in great purity. "He geunne it him," he gave it him, the verb *geunne* being in general use amongst the peasantry. The dialect is more similar to that of Somersetshire than of the adjoining counties, though not so strongly marked as a Western dialect. They change *o* into *u*, *s* into *z*, *f* into *v*, *t* into *d*, *p* into *b*, short *u* into *i* or *oy*, long *e* into *ea*, long *i* into *ey*, long *o* into *ooa*. The Anglo-Saxon termination *en* is still preserved; *thee* is used for *thou* and *you*; *thilk* is in constant use; *her* is put for *she*, *she* for *her*, *I* for *me*, and *ou* for *he*, *she*, or *it*. Communications of Gloucestershire words have been received from the Rev. H. T. Ellacombe, Miss Shipton, and Mr. E. Wright.

GEORGE RIDLER'S OVEN.

The stwons that built George Ridler's oven,
And thauy queum from the Bleakeney's quaar;
And George he wur a jolly old mon,
And his yead it graw'd above his yare.

One thing of George Ridler I must commend,
And that wur not a notable theng;
He mead his braags avoore he died,
Wi' any dree brothers his zons zs'hou'd zeng.

There's Dick the treble and John the mean,
Let every mon zing in his awn please;
And George he wur the elder brother,
And therevoore he would zing the beass.

Mine hostess's moid (and her neaum 'twur Nell)
A pretty wench, and I lov'd her well;
I lov'd her well and good reauzon why,
Because zshe lov'd my dog and I.

My dog is good to catch a hen,
 A duck or goose is vood for men ;
 And where good company I spy,
 O thether gwoes my dog and I.

My mwother told I when I wur young,
 If I did vollow the strong-beer pwoot ;
 That drenk would pruv my auverdrow,
 And meauk me wear a thzread-bare ewoat.

My dog has gotten zitech a trick,
 'To visit moids when thauy be zick ;
 When thauy be zick and like to die,
 O thether gwoes my dog and I.

When I have dree zispences under my thumb,
 O then I be welcome wherever I come ;
 But when I have none, O then I pass by,
 'Tis poverty pearts good company.

If I should die, as it may hap,
 My greauve shall be under the good yeal tap ;
 In voulded carms there wool us lie,
 Cheek by jowl my dog and I !

HAMPSHIRE.

The romance of Octavian, according to Mr. D'Israeli, "is in the Hampshire dialect nearly as it is spoken now." Although somewhat doubtful as to the literal correctness of this opinion, an extract from it may be compared with a modern specimen of the dialect. A short glossary of Hampshire words is given in Warner's collections for that county. The dialect of the

west of the county is similar to that of Wiltshire, *f* being changed into *v*, and *th* into *d*; and *un* for him, her, it. It is a common saying, that in Hampshire, every thing is called *he* except a tom-cat which is called *she*.

Extract from the early Romance of
OCTOVIAN IMPERATOR.

The knyȝtys logh yn the halle,
The mantellys they yeve menstrelas alle ;
Lavor and basyn they gon calle
To wassche and aryse,
And syth to daunce on the walle
Of Parys.

Whan the soudan thys tydying herde,
For ire as he wer wod he ferd ;
He ran with a drawe swerde
To hys mamentrye,
And alle hys goddys ther he amerred
With grcet envy.

Asterot, Jopyn, and Mahoun
He alle to-hew with hys fachoun,
Ahd Jubiter he drew adoun
Of hys autere :
He seyde, hy nere worth a sealoune
Alle y-fere.

Tho he hadde hys goddys y-bete,
He was abated of alle hys hete.
To sende hys sendys nolde he naȝt lete,
Tho anoonryȝt,
To Babylonye after lordes grete
To help hym fyȝt.

MS. Cott. Calig. A. ii. f. 28.

To the Editor of the Times, from a Poor Man at Andover,
A LETTER ON THE UNION WORKHOUSE.

Sir,—Hunger, as I've heerd say, breaks through Stone Walls; but yet I shodn't have thought of letting you know about my poor Missus's death, but all my neibours say tell it out, and it can't do you no harm and may do others good, specially as Parliament is to meet soon, when the Gentlefoke will be talking about the working foke.

I be but a farmers working man, and was married to my Missus 26 years agone, and have three Childern living with me, one 10, another 7, and t'other 3. I be subject to bad rumatiz, and never earns no more, as you may judge, than to pay rent and keep our bodies and souls together when we be all well. I was tended by Mr. Westlake when he was Union Doctor, but when the Guardians turned him out it was a bad job for all the Poor, and a precious bad job for me and mine.

Mr. Payne when he come to be our Union Doctor tended upon me up to almost the end of last April, but when I send up to the Union House as usual, Mr. Broad, the Releaving Officer, send back word there was nothing for me, and Mr. Payne wodnt come no more. I was too bad to work and had not Vittals for me, the Missus, and the young ones, so I was forced to sell off the Bed, Bedstead, and furniture of the young ones, to by Vittals with, and then I and Missus and the young ones had only one bed for all of us. Missus was very bad, to, then, but as we knowd twere no use to ask the Union for nothink cept we'd all go into the Workhouse, and which Missus couldn't a bear, as she'd bin parted from the childern, she sends down to tell Mr. Westlake how bad we was a doing off, and he comes to us directly and tends upon us out of charity, and gives Missus Mutton and things, which he said, and we know'd too well, she wanted of, and he gives this out of his own Pocket.

Missus complaint growd upon her and she got so very bad, and Mr. Westlake says to us, I do think the guardians wouldn't let your wife lay here and starve, but would do something for you if they knowed how bad you wanted things and so, says he, I'll give you a Sertificate for some Mutton and things, and you take it to Mr. Broad, the releving officer. Well I does this, and he tells me that hed give it to the guardians and let me know what they said. I sees him again, and O, says he, I gived that Sertificate to the Guardians, but they chuckd it a one side and said they wouldnt tend to no such thing, nor give you nothing, not even if Missus was dying, if you has anything to do with Mr. Westlake, as they had turned him off.

I told my Missus this, and then says she we must try to get their Union Doctor, Mr. Payne, as we can't go on for ever taking things from Mr. Westlake's Pocket, and he turned out of Place, and so good to many poor folks besides us. So we gets Mr. Payne after a bit to come down; and he says to Missus your very bad, and I shall order the Union to send you Mutton and other things. Next Week Mr. Payne calls again, and asks Missus did she have the things he'd ordered for her to have? She says I've had a shillings worth of Mutton, Sir. Why, says he, you wants other things besides Mutton, and I ordered them for you in the Union Book, and you ought to have them in your bad state. This goes on for 5 or 6 weeks, only a shillings worth of Mutton a Week being allowed her, and then one Week a little Gin was allowed, and after that as Missus couldnt get out of bed a Woman was sent to nurse and help her.

I didnt ask Mr. Payne to order these ere things, tho' bad enof God knows they was wanted; but in the first week in last November I was served with a summons to tend afore our Mayor and Justices under the Vagrance Act; I think they said twas cause I had not found these things for Missus myself; but the Union Doctor had

ordered em of the Guardians on his sponsiblity. Well, I attends afore the Justices, and there was nothing against me, and so they puts it off, and orders me to tend afore em again next week, which I does, and then there wasnt enof for em to send me to Gaol, as the Guardians wanted, for a Month, and they puts it off again for another Week, and says I must come afore em again, and which I does ; and they tells me theres nothing proved, that I could afford to pay for the things, and I mite go about my business.

I just loses three days' work, or pretty handy, by this, and that made bad a good bit worse. Next Day Mr. Payne comes again, and Missus was so outdaceous bad, she says cant you give me something to do me good and ease me a bit ; says Mr. Payne, I dont see you be much worse. Yes, I be, says Missus, and I wish you'd be so good as to let me send for Mr. Westlake, as I thinks he knows what'd make me easier, and cure the bad pains I do suffer. Mr. Payne abused my poor Missus, and dared her to do anything of that sort, and so we were feared to do it, lest I should be pulled up again afore the Justices, and lose more days work and prhaps get sent to Gaol. Eight days after this Mr. Payne never having come nist us, and the Union having lowed us nothing at all, my poor Missus dies, and dies from want, and in agonies of pain, and as bad off as if shed been a Savage, for she could only have died of want of them things which she wanted and I couldnt buy if she'd been in a foreign land, were there no Parsons and People as I've heard tell be treated as bad as dogs.

Years agone, if any body had been half so bad as my Missus, and nobody else would have tended to her there'd been the clergyman of the parish, at all events, who'd have prayed with her, and seen to that she didn't die of starvation, but our Parson is in favor of this here new Law, and as he gets 60*l.* a year from the Guardians, he arnt a going to quarrel with his Bread and Cheese

for the likes of we, and so he didnt come to us. Altho' he must have known how ill Missus was; and she, poor creature, went out of this here world without any Spiritual consilatation whatsomever from the Poor Man's Church.

We'd but one bed as I've telled you, and only one Bedroom, and it was very bad to be all in the same Room and bed with poor Missus after she were dead; and as I'd no money to pay for a Coffin, I goes to Mr. Broad, then to Mr. Majer, one of the Guardians, and their to the overseers and axes all of 'em to find a Coffin, but 'twere no use, and so, not knowing what in the World to do, off I goes to tell Mr. Westlake of it, and he was soon down at the House, and blamed me much for not letting he know afore Missus died, and finding we'd no food nor fire, nothing for a shrowd cept we could wash up something, and that we'd no soap to do that with, he gives us something to get these ere things, and tells me to go again to the Releving Officer and t'others and try and get a Coffin, and to tell un Missus ought to be burried as soon as possible, else t'would make us all ill. This I does as afore, but get nothing, and then Mr. Westlake give me an order where to get a Coffin, and if he had not stood a friend to me and mine I can't think what would have become of em, as twas sad at Nights to see the poor little things pretty nigh break their hearts when they seed their poor dead mother by their side upon the Bed.

My troubles wasnt to end even here, for strang to tell the Registrar for Deaths for this District dont live in this the largest Parish with about 5000 inhabitants, but at a little Village of not more then 400 People and 5 Miles off, so I had to walk there and back ten miles, which is very hard upon us poor folk, and what is worse when I got there the Registrar wasnt up; and when he got up he wouldnt tend to me afore hed had his breakfast and I was aforced to wait about until hed had done breakfast and it seemed as 'twas a very long time

for a poor chap like me to be kept a waiting, whilst a man who is paid for doing what I wanted won't do such little work as that afore here made hisself comfortable, tho' I telled him how bad I wanted to get back, and that I shuold loose a Day by his keeping me waiting about.

That this is mostly the fault of the Guardians rather than anybody else is my firm beleif, tho' if Mr. Payne had done his duty hed a been with Missus many times afore she died and not have left her as he did, when he knowed she was so bad, and hed a made un give her what she wanted; but then he must do, he says, just what the Guardians wishes, and that arnt to attend much on the Poor, and the Releving Officer is docked if what he gives by even the Doctors orders arnt proved of by the Guardians aterward, and he had to pay for the little Gin the Doctor ordered out of his own Pocket, and, as the Newspaper says, for the Nurse, as this was put in our Paper by I'm sure I don't know who, but I believes tis true, last week.

And now, Sir, I shall leave it to you to judge whether the Poor can be treated any where so bad as they be in the Andover Union.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

The pronoun *a* is used for he, she, or it. Strong preterits are *current*, *climb*, *clomb*, *heave*, *hove*, *pick*, *puck*, *shake*, *shuck*, *squeeze*, *squoze*, &c. The dialect of this county must be classed as belonging to the Midland division. The word *just* is used in rather a peculiar manner. Instead of saying, I have but just returned, they say I returned but just. A list of Herefordshire words is given in Duncumb's *History of Hereford*, and

a more extended one has recently been separately published, 8vo. 1839. I am indebted for many words not to be found in either of these to lists given me by Sir S. R. Meyrick, T. W. Lane, Esq., and Mr. Perry.

From
MAXIMON,

A tale in a manuscript written in Herefordshire of the time of Edward II.

Herkne to my ron,
As ich ou telle con,
 Of elde al hou yt gos,
Of a mody mon,
Hihte Maxumon,
 Soth withoute les.
Clerc he was ful god,
So moni mon understod.
 Nou herkne hou it wes.

Ys wille he hevede y-noh,
Purple and pal he droh,
 Ant other murthes mo.
He wes the feyrest mon,
With-outen Absolon,
 That seththe wes ant tho.
Tho laste is lyf so longe,
That he bigan unstronge,
 As mony tides so.
Him con rewe sore
Al is wilde lore,
 For elde him dude so wo;

So sone as elde him com
Ys boc and honde he nom,
 Ant gan of reuthes rede,
Of his herte ord
He made moni word,
 Ant of is lyves dede.

He gan mene is mone ;
 So feble were is bone,
 Ys hew bigon to wede,
 So elene he was y-gon,
 That heu ne hade he non :
 Ys herte gan to blede.

Care and kunde of elde
 Maketh mi body felde,
 That y ne mai stonde upriht ;
 Ant min herte unbolde,
 Ant mi body to colde,
 That er thou wes so lyht.
 Ant mi body thunne,
 Such is worldes wunne,
 This day me thinketh nyht.

MS. Harl. 2253, f. 82.

From an English translation of
MACER DE VIRTUTIBUS HERBARUM,
 Made by John Lelamour, seolemaister of Herforde, 1373.

Mowsere growth lowe by the grownde, and berith a yellowe floure. Drinke the huis with wyne other ale, and anoynte the reynes and the bak with the blode of a fox, for the stone. Also stampe him and mylfoly togadyr, and drinke that huis with white wyne, and that wille make one to pissee. Also drinke the huis with stale ale, a seke man that is woundid, and yf he holdithe that drinke he shalle lyfe, and yf he caste hit he shall dye. Also drinke the huis of this erbe for the squynancy.

MS. Sloane 5, f. 35.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

There seem to be no peculiarities of dialect here which are not common to the adjoining county of Cambridge.

shire. They say *mort* for a quantity; a *mort* of people, a *mort* of rain. *To-year* for this year, like *to-day* or *to-morrow*. *Wouderful* for very; his pain were *wonderful* great. *To get himself ready*, for to dress himself; he is too weak to get himself ready. If a disorder or illness of any kind be inquired for they never say it is better or worse, but *that's better*, or *that's worse*, with an emphasis on *that*. The Rev. Joseph Horner kindly favoured me with a list of the few provincial words which may be peculiar to this county.

ISLE OF WIGHT.

The dialect of the native inhabitants of this island differs in many respects from the county to which it is opposite. The accent is rather mincing than broad, and has little of the vulgar character of the West Country dialects. The tendency to insert *y* in the middle of words may be remarked, and the substitution of *v* for *f* is not uncommon among the peasantry, but by no means general. The pronunciation may generally be correctly represented by the duplication of the vowels.

No printed glossary of Isle of Wight provincialisms has yet appeared, but a very valuable one in manuscript, compiled by Captain Henry Smith, was most kindly placed at my disposal by his relative, Charles Roach Smith, Esq., F. S. A. Useful communications have also been received from E. J. Vernon, Esq., Dr. Broomfield, and Dr. Salter.

SPECIMEN OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT DIALECT.

Jan. What's got there you?

Will. A blastnashunn straddlebob eraalun about in the nammut bag.

Jan. Straddlebob! Where ded'st leyarn to caal'n by that neyam?

Will. Why, what shoud e caal'n? tes the right neyam esu ut?

Jan. Right neyam, no! why ye gurt zote vool, easn't zee tes a Dumbledore?

Will. I knows tes, but vur aal that Straddlebob's zo right a neyam vorn as Dumbledore ez.

Jan. Come, I'll be deyand if I doant haay thee a quart o' that.

Will. Done! and I'll ax meystur to night when I goos whooam, bee't how't wool.
(Accordingly meystur was applied to by Will, who made his decision known to Jan the next morning.)

Will. I zay, Jan! I axed meystur about that are last night.

Jan. Well! what ded 'nr zay?

Will. Why a zed one neyam ez jest zo vittun vorn as tother, and he louz a ben caaled Straddlebob ever zunce the island was vust meyad.

Jan. The devvul a hav! if that's the keeas I spooas I lost the quart.

Will. That thee has't lucky! and we'll goo down to Arverton to the Red Lion and drink un ater we done work.

KENT.

The modern Kentish dialect is slightly broad, indeed more so than that of Surrey or Sussex. *Daiy, plaiy,*

waiy, for day, play, way, &c. They say *who* for *how*, and *vice versa*. Mate, instead of boy or lad, is the usual address amongst equals. The interchange of *v* and *w* is common here as well as in the metropolis. As in most parts of England, the pronunciation of names of places differs very much from the orthography, e. g. *Sunnuck* for Sevenoaks, *Dairn* for Darenth, *Leusum* for Lewis-ham, &c. No glossary of Kentish words has yet been published, unless we may so style a short list of words in Lewis's *History and Antiquities of the Isle of Tenet*, 1736, pp. 35-39, but I have received valuable communications from the Rev. M. H. Lloyd, John Brent, Esq., the Rev. Thomas Streatfeild, the Rev. L. B. Larking, John Pemberton Bartlett, Esq., the Rev. Dr. Hussy. Thomas Wright, Esq., Miss Cotterell, J. R. Hughes, Esq., and A. J. Dunkin, Esq. An early song in this dialect occurs in Ravenscroft's *Melismata*, 1611.

We have a most curious specimen of the Kentish dialect of the fourteenth century (1340) in the *Ayenbyte of Inwyt*, a manuscript in the Arundel Collection. An extract from it will be found at p. 801, and another is here given. The change of *f* into *v*, and *s* into *z*, are now generally peculiar to the West Country dialect, but appear at this early period to have extended over the South of England. In the next century, the broadness of the dialect was not so general. At least, a poem of the fifteenth century, in a manuscript at Oxford, written in Kent, is remarkably pure, although the author excuses himself for his language :

And thongh myn English be sympill to myn entent,
Hold me excusid, for I was borne in Kent.

MS. Laud. 416, f. 49.

The principal peculiarity in this manuscript seems to consist in *e* being the prefix to the verb instead of *i* or *y*. For a long period, however, the dialect of the Kentish peasantry was strongly marked. In a rare tract entitled, *How the Plowman lerned his Paternoster*, a character is thus mentioned :

He was patched, torne, and all to-rente :
It semed by his langage that he was borne in Kente.
Reliquiae Antiquar., vol. i, p. 46.

The following very curious passage from Caxton will further illustrate this fact :

And certaynly our langage now used varyeth ferre from that whiche was used and spoken whan I was borne, for we Englysshemen ben borne under the domynaeyon of the mone, whiche is never stedfaste, but ever waverynge, waxyng one season, and waneth and dyscreaseth another season ; and that comyn Englyssh that is spoken in one shyre varyeth from another, insomuche that in my dayes happened that certayn marchauntes were in a shippe in Tamysse for to have sayled over the see into Zelande, and for lacke of wynde, thei taryed atte Forlond, and wente to lande for to refreshie them. And one of theym, named Sheffelde, a merer, cam into an hows and axed for mete, and speyally he axyd after eggys ; and the goode wyf answerde that she coude speke no Frenshe, and the marchaunt was angry for he also coude speke no Frenshe, but wolde have hadde egges and she understande hym not ; and thenne at laste another sayd that he wolde have *eyren*.

Then the good wyf said that she understand hym wel.
Loo, what sholde a man in thyse dayes now wryte eggis
or *cyrn*! Certaynly it is harde to playse every man,
bycause of dyversité and chaunge of langage.

Caxton's Encydos, 1490.

EXTRACT FROM THE AYENBYTE OF INWYT, MS.
ARUNDEL 57, ff. 86-87.

Me ret ine lives of holy vaderes that an holy man
tealde hou he com to by monek, and zede hou that he
hedde y-by an paynes zone, that wes a prest to the
momenettes. And tho he wes a child on time he yede
into the temple mid his vader priveliehe: ther he yzeȝ
ane gratne dyvel that zet ope ane vycalindre stole, and
al his maynē aboute him. Ther com on of the princes,
and leat to him; tho he him aksede the ilke that zet ine
the stole huannes he com, and he ansuerede that he com
vram ane londe huer he hedde arered and y-mad manye
werren and manye viȝtinges, zuo that moche volk wren
y-sslage and moche blod ther y-ssed. The mayster him
acsede ine hou moche time he hette that y-do, and he
ansuerede ine thritti dages. He him zede, Inc zuo
moche time hest zuo lite y-do? Tho he het that ha wer
riȝt wel y-beate, and eеле y-draȝe, Efter than com an
other that alsuo to him leat ase the verste. The mayster
him aksede huannes ha com. He ansuerede that he com
vram the ze huer he hedde y-mad manye tempestes, vele
ssipes to-broke, and moche volk adreyet. The maister
acsede ine hou long time. He ansuerede ine tuenti
dages. He zayde, ine zuo moche time hest zuo lite y-do?
Efterward com the thridde, that ansuerede that he com
vra mane cité huer he hedde y-by at ane bredale, and ther
he hedde arered and y-mad cheastes and striff, zuo that
moche volk ther were y-sslage and ther-to he hedde y-
sslage thane hosebounde. The maister him aksede hou
long time he zette that vor to done. He ansuerede that

ine ten dages. Tho he het that he were wel y-byate vor that he hedde zuo alonge abide that to done without more. Ate lasten come another to-vore the princee, and to him he beaȝ; and he him aſſeſe, huannes comſt thou? He anſuerede that he com vram the ermitage huer he hedde y-by vourti yer vor to vondi ane monek of fornicacion, that is the zenne of lecherie, and zuo moche ich habbe y-do that ine thiſe nyȝt ich hine habbe overcomē, and y-do him valle into the zenne. Tho lhip op the mayſter, and him keſte and beclepte, and dede the coroune ope his heved, an dede him zitte beſide him, and to him zede that he hedde grat thing y-do and grat prowſſe. Tho zayde the guode man that huanne he hedde that y-hyerd and that y-zogē, that he thoȝte that hit were grat thing to by monek, and be tho encheysoun he becom monek.

EXTRACT FROM MS. LAUD. 416, WRITTEN BY A NATIVE OF KENT ABOUT 1460.

Also use not to pley at the dice ne at the tablis,
Ne none maner ganys uppon the holidais;
Use no tavernys where be jestis and fablis,
Syngyng of lewde balettes, rondelettes, or virolais;
Nor erly in mornyng to feeche home fresch mais,
For yt makyth maydins to stumble and falle in the breirs,
And afterward they telle her councèle to the freirs.

Now y-wis yt were wele done to know
The dyfference bytwene a damselle and a maide,
For alle bene lyke whan they stond in a row;
But I wylle telle what experiance said,
And in what wyſe they be entyrid and arайд;
Maydyns were callis of ſilk and of thred,
And damsellis kerchevis pynnid uppon ther hed.

Wyffis may not to chirch tille they be entyred,
Ebridyllid and paytrellid, to shew her aray,
And fetyd alle abowte as an hacony to be hyred;

Than she lokyth abouthe her if eny be so gay ;
 And oon thyng I commend, which is most to my pay,
 Ther kerchef hangyth so low, that no man can a-spye,
 To loke undirnetho oons to shrew her eie.

Janeglyng in chirche among hem is not usid,
 To telle alle her howswyfry of the weke byfore ;
 And also her husbandis shalle not be accusid,
 Now crokyd and crabbed they bene ever more ;
 And suche thyngges lo ! they can kepe no store,
 They bene as close and covert as the horn of Gabrielle,
 That wylle not be herd but from hevyn to helle.

FROM DICK AND SAL, A MODERN POEM IN THE KENTISH DIALECT.

Ya see, when Middlemas come roun,
 I thought dat Sal and I
 Ud go to Canterbury town,
 To see what we cud buy.

Fer when I liv'd at Challock Leys,
 Our Secont-man had been :
 An wonce, when we was carrin peas,
 He told me what he'd sin.

He said dare was a teejus fair,
 Dat lasted for a wick ;
 An all de ploughmen dat went dare,
 Must car dair shining stick.

And how dat dare was nable rigs.
 An Merriander's jokes ;
 Snuff-boxes, shows, and whirligigs,
 An houged sights a folks.

But what queer'd me, he sed 'twas kep
 All roun about the church ;
 An how dey had him up de steps,
 And left him in de lurch.

At last he got into de street,
An den he lost his road ;
An Bet an he come to a gate,
Where all de soadgers stood.

Den she ketcht fast hold av his han,
For she was rather scar'd ;
Tom sed, when fust he see 'em stan,
He thought she'd be a-fared.

LANCASHIRE.

The dialect of Lancashire is principally known by Collier's Dialogue, published under the name of *Tim Bobbin*. A glossary of the fifteenth century, written in Lancashire, is preserved in *MS. Lansd.* 560, f. 45. A letter in the Lancashire dialect occurs in Braithwaite's *Two Lancashire Lovers*, 1640, and other early specimens are given in Haywood's *Late Lancashire Witches*, 4to. 1634, and Shadwell's *Lancashire Witches*, 4to. 1682. The glossary at the end of *Tim Bobbin* is imperfect as a collection for the county, and I have been chiefly indebted for Lancashire words to my father, Thomas Halliwell, Esq. Brief notes have also been received from the Rev. L. Jones, George Smeeton, Esq., the Rev. Dr. Hunie, G. R. Spencer, Esq., and Mr. R. Proctor. The features of the dialect will be seen from the following specimens ; *o* and *ou* are changed into *a*, *ea* into *o*, *al* into *an*, *g* into *k*, long *o* into *oi*, and *d* final into *t*. The Saxon termination *en* is retained, but generally mute.

EXTRACT FROM TIM BOBBIN'S DIALOGUE BETWEEN
TUMMUS AND MEARY.

M. Odds fish! boh that wur breve. I wou'd I'd bin
eh yore Kele.

T. Whau whau, boh theawst hear. It wur o dree
wey too-to; heawe'er I geet there be suse o'clock, on
before eh opp'nt dur, I covert Nip with th' cleawt, ot eh
droy meh nese weh, t'let him see heaw I stoart her.
Then I opp'nt dur; on whot te dule dust think, boh
three little tyncey Bandyhewits coom weaughing os if th'
little ewals wou'd o worrit me, on after that swallut me
whieck: Boh presontly there coom o fine wummon; on I
took her for a hoo justice, hoor so meety fine: For I
heard Ruchott o' Jack's tell meh meastor, that hoo jus-
tices awlus did th' mooast o'th' wark: Heawe'er, I axt
hur if Mr. Justice wur o whoam; hoo cou'd naw opp'n
hur meawth t'sey eigh, or now; boh simpurt on sed iss
(the dickkons iss hur on him too)—Sed I, I wuddid'n tell
him I'd fene speyk to him.

A LETTER PRINTED AND DISTRIBUTED IN THE PROCES-
SION THAT WAS FORMED AT MANCHESTER IN COM-
MEMORATION OF FREE TRADE.

Bury, July 15th, 1846.

TO ME LAWRD JHON RUSSELL,—Well, me Lawrd,
yoan gett'n ut last up to th' top o' th' ladthur, un th'
heemust stave asut brokk'n wi yo this time us it did afore.
Wayst see i' t'neaw wethur yo kun keep yur stonnin ur
not; awm rayther fyert ut yoan find it slippy un noan
safe footin; but, heawsumevvur, thirs nawt like thryin.

But wot'r yo fur dooin? Yo seemn to think ut o vast
dyel o things wants mendin, un yo thinkn reet, for they
dun:—but kon yo mannidge um? Yur fust job 'll be
a twoff un; un tho it'll be o sweet subjek, it'll ha sum

seawr stuff obeawt it. But seawr ur not yo mun stick like breek, un not let that cantin, leawsy stuff obeawt "slave-groon un free-groon" stop yo. Bless me life mon! its anoof to gie won th' bally wratch to yer o set o gawnblins uts beyyin, un spinnin, un weyvin, un warin slave-groon kottn etch day o thir lives, tawk obeawt thir konshuns nor lettin um sweetn thir faybry pie fur th' chilthur wi o bit o slave-groon shugur. It's oa humbug, me Lawrd, un tell um aw say so. Stick yo fast to the skame o' having oa th' dewties olike: but yo may slip eawt thoos twothrey yer ut yore fur keepin up o differunce, us soon us ynn o mind. We kun spare om wen wer bizzy.

Sum o yur skames ur weel onoof; but th' main thing 'll be for yo to ta care to spend us little brass us yo kon, un giv us o gud thrade.

Yoan lettн Sur Robbut (yoa knoan he's a Berry muff un we're sharp chaps)—aw say yoan lettн Sur Robbut get howd o yur tools and wurch wi um! wonst, wi not beein sharp onooff. He made o gud hondlin on um, too uns gettn t'wajus for his wark, tho' t'skame wur yoars, un iv yo dunnut mind he'll do t'same ogen. He'll let yo get th' patthurns reddy, and make t'kestins, un t'bowts, un t'skrews un sitchn: but he'll put t'mosheen together, un dray th' wage ut th' Sethurde neet, iv yo anmut yur een obeawt yo.

Dunnot be fyert, mon, but rap eawt wi awt uts reet, un us Berry foke 'll elp yo us ard as we kon. Wayn helpt Kobdin un wayn elp yo, if yoan set obeawt yur wark gradely.

Wayre havvin o greyt stur to day heer for us wurchin foke, un wayre to have doance o Munday neet. Aw nobbut wush ut yo k'd kum deawn un see us—yoad see sitch o seet un yer sitch sheawtin yoa ne'er seed nur i yor life. They konnut sheawt i Lunnon—its nobbot gradely buttermilk un porritch Lanckeshur lads ut kun sheawt wot koin sheawtin.

But yo mun ne'er heed, Lawrd John. Dunnos be fyert, us aw sed ofore, but ston up for wots reet, un iv t' parlyment winnit let yo ha yer oan rode, kum eawt, un let t' gangway kawves thry how thay kun seawk t' public pap.

Awm noan yust to ritin, un aw feel tyert, so aw mun lyev awt moor ut aw av to say tell me houst's restut itsel. So aw remain, me Lawrd,

Yours for evvur,

BURY MUFF.

A LANCASHIRE BALLAD.

Now, aw me gud gentles, an yau won tarry,
Ile tel how Gilbert Scott soudn's mare Berry.
He soudn's mare Berry at Warikin' fair;
When heel be pade, hee knows not, ere or nere.
Soon as hee coom whoom, an toud his wife Grace,
Hon up wi th' kippo, an swat him ore th' face ;
Hoo piekdt him oth' hilloc, wi sick a thwack,
That hoo had whel ni a brokken his back.
Thou hooer, quo hee, wo't but lemme rise,
Ile gi thee auth' leet, wench, that imme lies.
Thou ndgit, quo hoo, bnt wher dus hee dwel ?
Belakin, quo hee, but I connan tel.
I tuck him to be sum gnd greslmon's son ;
He spent too pense on mee when hee had doon.
He gin mee a lunch'n o denty snig py,
An shaukdt mee bith' haundt most lovingly.
Then Grace, hoo promptd hur, so neeat an so fine.
To War'kin hoo went, o Wensday betime.
An theer too, hoo stade ful five markit days,
Til th' mon, wi th' mare, were coom to Raunley Shaw's.
As Grace was restin won day in hur rowm,
Hoo spydt th' mon a ridin o th' mare down the town.
Bounce gus hur hart, an hoo wer so glopen
That out o th' windo hoo'd like fort lopen.

Hoo staumpdt, an hoo star'dt, an down stairs hoo run,
 Wi' th' hat under th' arm, an windt welly gon.
 Hur hed-gear flew off, an so did hur snowd,
 Hoo staumpdt, an hoo star'dt, as an hoo'd been wood.
 To Raunley's hoo hy'd, an hoo hove up th' latch,
 Afore th' mon had teed th' mare welly too th' eratch.
 Me gud mon, quo hoo, frend, hee greets yau merry.
 An desires yau'd send him money for Berry.
 Ay, money, quo hee, that I connan spare :
 Belakin, quo hoo, but then He ha th' mare.
 Hoo poodt, an hoo thromperdt him, shaun't be seen ;
 Thou hangmon, quo hoo, He poo out thin een :
 He mak thee a zompan, hand thee a groat
 He oth'r ha' th' money, or poo out the throat ;
 'Tween them they made such a wearison din,
 That for t' intreat them, Raunly Shaw coom in,
 Coom, fy, fy, naunt Graee, coom, fy, an a doon ;
 What, deel, ar yau monkeen, or ar yau woon ?
 Belakin, quo hee, yau lane so hard on—
 I think now that th' woman has quite spoildt th' mon.
 Coom, fy, fy, naunt Grace, coom, fy, an a doon ;
 Yaust ha' th' mare, or th' money, whether yau won.
 So Grace got th' money, an whoomwardt hoo's gon,
 Hoo keeps it aw, an gees Gilbert Scott non.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

The dialect of this county has been entirely neglected, with the exception of a few brief remarks in Macaulay's *History of Claybrook*, 1791; but it deserves a careful study. A valuable glossary of Leicestershire words was given me by Mr. John Gibson, but too late to be used in the early part of the work.

The dialect of the common people, though broad, is

sufficiently plain and intelligible. They have a strong propensity to aspirate their words ; the letter *h* comes in almost on every occasion where it ought not, and is as frequently omitted where it ought to come in. The words *five*, *mine*, and such like, are pronounced as if they were spelt *foine*, *moine* ; *place*, *face*, &c. as if they were spelt *pleace*, *feace* ; and in the plural sometimes you hear *pleauen* ; *closen* for *closes* ; and many other words in the same style of Saxon termination. The words *there* and *where* are generally pronounced thus, *thecre*, *whecre* ; the words *mercy*, *deserve*, &c. thus *marcy*, *desarve*. The following peculiarities of pronunciation are likewise observable : *uz*, strongly aspirated, for *us*, *war* for *was*, *need* for *mail*, *faither* for *father*, *e'cry* for *every*, *brig* for *bridge*, *thurough* for *furrow*, *hauf* for *half*, *cart-rit* for *rut*, *malfactory*, for *manufactory* *mactious* for *anxious*.

Macaulay's Claybrook, 1791, pp. 128-9.

• LINCOLNSHIRE.

The river Witham may be considered with tolerable accuracy the boundary line between the Northern and Southern dialects of the county, which differ considerably from each other ; the former being more nearly allied to that of Yorkshire, the latter to the speech of East Anglia, but neither are nearly so broad as the more Northern dialects. Many singular phrases are in use. They say, Very not well, I used to could, You shouldn't have ought, &c. The Lincolnshire words were partially collected by Skinner in the seventeenth century, but no regular glossary has yet appeared. This deficiency, however, as far as the present work is concerned, has

been amply supplied by as many as nineteen long communications, each forming a small glossary by itself, and of peculiar value, from the Rev. James Adecock of Lincoln, to whom I beg to return my best acknowledgments. I have also to acknowledge assistance from Sir E. F. Bromhead, Bart., the Rev. Dr. Oliver, Robert Godaacre, Esq., T. R. Jackson, Esq., Mr. E. Johnson, and papers kindly inserted at my suggestion in the *Lincoln Standard*.

EXTRACT FROM MS. DIGBY 86, WRITTEN IN LINCOLNSHIRE, TEMP. EDW. I.

Nigtingale, thou hastest wrong,
Wolt thou me senden of this lond,
For ich holde with the rigte;
I take witnesse of sire Wawain,
That Jhesu Crist gaf miȝt and main,
And strengthe for to figte.

So wide so he hevede i-gon,
Trewe ne founde he nevere non
Bi daye ne bi nigtte.
Fowel, for thi false mouth,
Thi sawe shal ben wide couth,
I rede the fle with miȝtte.

Ich habbe leve to ben here,
In orchard and in erbere,
Mine songes for to singe;
Herdi nevere bi no levedi,
Bote hendinese and curteysi,
And joye hy gnnen me bringe.
Of muchele murthe hy telleth me,
Fere, also I telle the,
Hy liveth in longinge.

Fowel, thou sitest on hasel bou,
 Thou lastest hem, thou hastest wou,
 Thi word shal wide springe.

Hit springeth wide, wel ich wot,
 Hou tel hit him that hit not,
 This sawes me beth nout newe ;
 Fowel, herkne to mi sawe,
 Ich wile the telle of here lawe,
 Thou ne kepest nout hem, I knowe.

Thenk on Constantines quene,
 Foul wel hire semede fow and grene,
 Hou sore hit son hire rewe :
 Hoe fedde a crupel in hire bour,
 And helede him with covertour,
 Loke war wimmen ben trewe. *Reliq. Antiq.*

From

“ NEDDY AND SALLY ; A LINCOLNSHIRE TALE,”

By John Brown, 12mo. n. d.

Cum, Sall, its time we started now,
 Yon’s Farmer Haycock’s lasses ready,
 And maister says he’ll feed the cow,
 He didn’t say so,—did he Neddy ?

Yees, that he did, so make thee haste,
 And git the sen made smart and pretty,
 We yaller ribbon round the waist
 The same as oud Squire Lowden’s Kitty.

And I’ll go fetch my sister Bess,
 I’m sartin sure she’s up and ready,
 Come gie’s a bus, thou can’t do less,
 Says Sally, No, thou musn’t, Neddy.

See, yonder's Bess a cummin cross
 The fields, we lots o' lads and lasses,
 All haim be haim, and brother Joss
 A shouting to the folks as passes.

Odds dickens, Sall, we'll hev a spree,
 Me heart's as light as ony feather,
 There's not a chap dost russel me,
 Not all the town's chaps put together.

MIDDLESEX.

The metropolitan county presents little in its dialect worthy of remark, being for the most part merely a coarse pronunciation of London slang and vulgarity. The language of the lower orders of the metropolis is pictured very faithfully in the works of Mr. Dickens. The interchange of *v* and *w* is a leading characteristic. Some of the old eant words mixed with numerous ones of late formation, are to be traced in the London slang.

THE THIMBLE RIG.

“Now, then, my jolly sportsmen! I've got more money than the parson of the parish. Those as don't play can't vin, and those as are here harnt there! I'd hold any on you, from a tanner to a sovereign, or ten, as you don't tell which thimble the pea is under.” “It's there, sir.” “I barr tellings.” “I'll go it again.” “Vat you don't see don't look at, and vat you do see don't tell. Ill hould you a soveren, sir, you don't tell me vitch thimble the pea is under.” “Lay him, sir, (in a whisper); it's under the middle'un. I'll go you

halves." "Lay him another; that's right." "I'm blow'd but we've lost; who'd a thought it?" Smaek goes the flat's hat over his eyes; exit the confederates with a loud laugh.

NORFOLK.

"The most general and pervading characteristic of our pronunciation," observes Mr. Forby, "is a narrowness and tenuity, precisely the reverse of the round, sonorous, mouth-filling tones of Northern English. The broad and open sounds of vowels, the rich and full tones of diphthongs, are generally thus reduced." The same writer enters very minutely into the subject of the peculiarities of this dialect, and his glossary of East Anglian words, 2 vols. 8vo. 1830, is the most complete publication of the kind. A brief list of Norfolk words is given in Brown's *Certain Miscellany Tracts*, 8vo. 1684, p. 146. A glossary of the provincialisms of the same county occurs in Marshall's *Rural Economy of Norfolk*, 1787, and *Observations on the Dialect in Erratics by a Sailor*, 1809. In addition to these, I have had the advantage of using communications from the Rev. George Mumford, the Very Rev. F. C. Husenbeth, Mrs. Robins, and Goddard Johnson, Esq.

A vocabulary of the fifteenth century written in Norfolk, is preserved in *MS. Addit. 12,195*, but the *Promptorium Parvulorum* is a much more valuable and extensive repository of early Norfolk words. A manuscript of Capgrave's *Life of St. Katherine* in the Bodleian Library, *MS. Rawl. Poet. 118*, was written in this

county. It would appear from the following passage that Norfolk was, in early times, one of the least refined parts of the island :

I wende riflynge were restitucion, quod he,
For I lerned nevere rede on boke ;
And I kan no Frensshe, in feith,
But of the ferthestende of Northfolk.

Piers Ploughman, ed. Wright, p. 91.

OLD MEASURES OF WEIGHT.

From MS. Cotton, *Claudius E. viii.*, fol. 8, of the fourteenth century, written at Norwich.

Sex waxpunde makiet j. ledpound. .xij. ledpunde j.
fotmel. .xxij. fotmel j. fothir of Bristouwe, ys haved
.ee. and .xxvij. wexpound.

Sex waxpunde makiet j. leedpound. .xvij. leedpund
j. leed bole. .xvij. leed boles. j. fothir of the North-
leondes, ys haat .xe. and .xiij. leed punde, that beeth
.xix. hundryd and foure and fourti wexpunde, and ys
avet more bi six and leed punde, that beeth to
hundred and sextene wexpunde.

Sevene waxpund makiet onleve one waye, twelf
weyen on fothir, this avet two thousand and .ix. score
and foure wexpund, that beeth thre hundryd and twelfve
leedpound, this his more than that of the Norethland be
four and thirti more of leedpoundes, that beeth foure
and twenti lasse.

NORFOLK DEGREES OF COMPARISON.

Positive.	Comparative.	Superlative.
Little . .	Less	Least
	Lesser	Lessest
	Lesserer	Lesserest.
	Lesserer still	Lessest of all.
	Littler	Littlest.
Tiny . .	Tinier	Tiniest.
Titty . .	Tittier	Tittiest

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

A midland dialect, less broad and not so similar to the Northern as Warwickshire. I have to acknowledge communications on the dialect of this county from the Rev. J. B. P. Dennis, and Charles Young, Esq.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Northumberland has a dialect the most broad of all the English counties, nearly approaching the Scotch, the broadest of all English dialects. The Scottish *bur* is heard in this county and in the North of Durham. A large number of specimens of the dialect have been published, and the provincial words have been collected by Mr. Brockett, but no extensive glossary of words peculiar to the county has been published separately. A short list, however, is given in Ray's *English Words*, ed. 1691; and others, recently collected, were sent me by George B. Richardson, Esq. and the Rev. R. Douglas. An early specimen of the Northumberland dialect occurs in Bullein's *Dialogue*, 1564, reprinted in Waldron's notes to the *Sad Shepherd*, p. 187.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Formerly belonged in dialect to the Northern division, but may now, I believe, be included in the Midland. I speak, however, with uncertainty, no work on the Nottinghamshire dialect having yet appeared.

FROM A TREATISE ON THE FISTULA IN ANO, BY JOHN ARDERNE, OF NEWARK.

Johan Arderne fro the first pestelence that was in the yere of our Lord 1349, duelled in Newerke in Nottinghamschire unto the yere of our Lorde 1370, and ther I heled many men of *fistula in ano*; of which the first was Sir Adam Everyngham of Laxton in the Clay byside Tukkesford, whiche Sir Adam for sothe was in Gascone with Sir Henry that tyme named herle of Derby, and after was made Duke of Lancastre, a noble and worthy lord. The forsaide Sir Adam forsooth sufferend *fistulam in ano*, made for to aske counsell at alle the lechez and corurgienz that he myght fynd in Gascone, at Burdeux, at Briggerac, Tolows, and Neyybon, and Peyters, and many other placez, and alle forsoke hym for uncurable; whiche y-se and y-herde, the forsaide Adam hastied for to torne home to his contree, and when he come home he did of al his knyghtly clothings, and eladde moun-
yng clothes in purpose of abydyng dissolyvynge or lesyng of his body beyng nyȝ to hym. At the laste I forsaide Johan Arderne y-sogt and covenant y-made, come to hym and did my cure to hym, and, our Lorde beyng mene, I heled hym perfitely within halfe a yere, and afterward hole and sound he ledde a glad life 30 yere and more. For whiche cure I gate myche honour and lovyng thurȝ alle Ynglond; and the forsaide Duke of Lancastre and many other gentilez wondred thereof. Aftewards I cured Hugon Derlyng of Fowick of Balne by Snaythe. Afterward I cured Johan Schefeld of Rightwelle aside Tekille.

MS. Sloane. 563, f. 124.

OXFORDSHIRE.

The provincial speech of this county has none of the marked features of the Western dialect, although many of the Gloucestershire and Wiltshire words are in use. The Oxfordshire dialect may be described as rather broad, and at the same time sharp, with a tendency to contraction. *Us* is used instead of *I*, as in some other counties. There are not a large number of words quite peculiar to the county, and no glossary has yet been published. Kennett has preserved many now obsolete, and I am indebted for several to Mr. A. Chapman, and Francis Francillon, Esq. In the sixteenth century, the Oxfordshire dialect was broad Western. In Seogin's *Jests*, we have an Oxfordshire rustic introduced, saying *ich* for *I*, *dis* for this, *vay* for fay, *chill* for I will, *vor* for for, &c.

RUTLANDSHIRE.

The dialect of Rutlandshire possesses few, if any, features not to be found in the adjoining counties. It would appear to be most similar to that of Leicestershire, judging from a communication on the subject from the Rev. A. S. Atcheson.

SHROPSHIRE.

In the modern dialect of this county, *a* is frequently changed into *o* or *e*; *c* into *g*, *eo* into *qu*; *d* final is often suppressed or commuted into *t* in the present tense; *e*

is sometimes lengthened at the commencement of a word, as *eend*, end, and it is frequently changed into *a*; *g* is often omitted before *h*; the *h* is almost invariably wrongly used, omitted where it should be pronounced, and pronounced where it should be omitted; *i* is changed into *ei* or *e*; *l* into *w*; *o* is generally lengthened; *r* when followed by *s* is often dropped, the *s* in such cases being doubled; *t* is entirely dropped in many words where it precedes *s*, and is superseded by *e*, especially if there be any plurality; *y* is prefixed to a vast number of words which commence with the aspirate, and is substituted for it. See further observations in Mr. Hartshorne's Shropshire glossary appended to his *Salopia Antiqua*, 8vo. 1841, from which the above notices of the peculiarities of the dialect have been taken. To this work I have been chiefly indebted for Shropshire words, but many unknown to Mr. Hartshorne have been derived from Lluyd's *MS. Additions to Ray*, a manuscript glossary compiled about 1780, and from communications of the Rev. L. Darwall and Thomas Wright, Esq.

A translation of the *Pars Oculi* in English verse, made by John Mirkes, a canon of Lilleshul, in Shropshire, is preserved in *MS. Cotton. Claud.*, A. ii and *MS. Douce*, 60, 103, manuscripts of the fifteenth century. The poem commences as follows:

God seyth hymself, as wryten we fynde,
That whenne the blynde ledeth the blynde,
Into the dyche they fallen boo,
For they ne sen whare by to go.

MS. Cott. Claud., A. ii, f. 127.

God seith himself, as writen y fynde,
 That whan the blynde ledeth the blynde,
 Into the diche they falleth bo,
 For they ne seen howe they go.

M.S. Douce, 60, f. 147.

It should not be forgotten that the dialect of a manuscript is not necessarily that used by the author himself. It oftener depended on the scribe. We have copies of Hampole's *Prick of Conscience* written in nearly every dialect.

The *Poems* of John Audelay, a monk of Haghmon, who wrote about 1460, afford a faithful specimen of the Shropshire dialect of that period. A small volume of his poetry was printed by the Percy Society, 8vo. 1844 :

As I lay seke in my langure,
 In an abbay here be West,
 This boke I made with gret dolour,
 When I myȝt not slep ne have no rest;
 Oftt with my prayers I me blest,
 And sayd hylē to heven kyng,
 I knowlache, Lord, hit is the best
 Mekelē to take thi vesetyng,
 Ellis wot I wil that I were lorne.
 Of al lordis be he blest!
 Fore al that ȝe done is fore the best,
 Fore in thi defawte was never mon lost,
 That is here of womon borne.

Mervel ȝe not of this makynge,
 Fore I me excuse, hit is not I;
 This was the Holē Gost wercheng,
 That sayd these wordis so faythfully;
 Fore I quoth never bot hye foly,
 God hath me chastyst fore my levynge!

I thong my God my grace treuly
Fore his gracious vestyng.
Beware, seris, I gone pray,
Fore I mad this with good entent,
In the reverens of God omnipotent;
Prays fore me that beth present,
My name is Jon the blynd Awdlay.

The similarities between the dialect of Audelay's poems and that of modern Shropshire are not very easily perceptible. The tendency to turn *o* into *a*, and to drop the *h*, may be recognized, as *all* for hold, &c. *I* is still turned into *e*, which may be regarded as one of Audelay's dialectical peculiarities, especially in the prefixes to the verbs; but the *ch* for *sh* or *sch*, so common in Audelay, does not appear to be still current. There is much uncertainty in reasoning on the early provincial dialects from a single specimen, owing to the wide difference between the broad and the more polished specimens of the language of the same county; and Audelay's poems can be by no means considered as affording an example of the broadest and purest early Saxon dialect.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

The Parret divides the two varieties of the dialects of Somersetshire, the inhabitants of the west of that river using the Devonshire language, the difference being readily recognized by the broad *ise* for *I*, *er* for *he*, and the termination *th* to the third person singular of the present tense of the indicative mood. The Somer-

setshire dialect changes *th* into *d*, *s* into *z*, *f* into *v*, inverts the order of many of the consonants, and adds *y* to the infinitive of verbs. It also turns many monosyllables into words of two syllables, as *ayer*, *air*, *boăth*, *both*, *fayer*, *fair*, *riër*, *fire*, *stayers*, *stairs*, *shower*, *sure*, &c. See Jennings' *Observations on some of the Dialects in the West of England*, 1825, p. 7.

A singularly valuable glossary of Somersetshire words was placed in my hands at the commencement of the present undertaking by Henry Norris, Esq., of South Petherton. It was compiled about fifty years since by Mr. Norris's father, at the suggestion of the late Mr. Boucher, and Mr. Norris has continually enriched it with additions collected by himself. To this I am indebted for several hundred words which would otherwise have escaped me; and many others have been derived from lists formed by my brother, the Rev. Thomas Halliwell of Wrington, Thomas Elliott, Esq., Miss Elizabeth Carew, the Rev C. W. Bingham, Mr. Elijah Tucker, and Mr. Kemp.

Numerous examples of the Somersetshire dialect are to be found in old plays, in which country characters are frequently introduced and in other early works. It should, however, be remarked that many writers have unhesitatingly assigned early specimens, containing the prevailing marks of Western dialect, to this county, when the style might be referred to many others in the South and West of England; and on this account I have omitted a list of pieces stated by various authors to be specimens of Somersetshire dialect. We have already

seen that though the essential features of the present West country dialect may be found, they may possibly suit specimens of the South, Kent, or even Essex dialects, in the state the latter existed two or three centuries ago.

THE PEASANT IN LONDON,
From a Work of the Seventeenth Century.

Our Taunton-den is a dungeon,
And yvaith chani glad chani here ;
This vamous zitty of Lungeon
Is worth all Zomerset-zhere ;
In wagons, in carts, and in coaches,
Che never did yet zee more horse,
The wenches do zhine like roches,
And as proud as my fathers vore horse.
Fairholt's Lord Mayors' Pageants, ii, 217.

JOHN'S ACCOUNT OF HIS TRIP TO BRISTOL, ON THE OCCASION OF PRINCE ALBERT'S VISIT, TO HIS UNCLE BEN, 1843.

Nunk ! did ever I tell thee o' my Brister trip,
Ta zee Purnee Albert an' tha gurt irn ship?
How Meary goo'd wi' me (thee's know Meary mi wife)
An' how I got vrighten'd maust out o' mi life?

Nif us niver did'n, 'ch 'eel tell thee o't now ;
An' be drat if tid'n true iv'ry word, I da vow !
Vor Measter an' Miss war bwoth o'm along ;
Any one o'm ool tell thee nif us da zay wrong.

We goo'd to Burgeoter wi' Joe's liddle 'oss ;—
Thee's know thick us da meanne, tha da call'n wold
Boss :
An' a trotted in vine style ; an' when we got there,
The voke was sa thick that 'twas jiss lik a vair.

We did'n goo droo et, but goo'd to tha station—
 There war gurt irn 'osses all in a new vashion ;
 An' there war gurt boxes ta 'old moor'n a thousan',
 Za long as all Petherton, an' za high as tha houzen,

Ther war gennelmens' sarvants a-dressed all in blue,
 Wi' rud-collar'd quoats, an' a lot o' em too ;
 An' all o' em number'd—vor one us did zee
 War mark'd in gurt viggers, a hunderd an' dree.

Hem war nation aveard when tha yuss put hem in
 Ta the grut ooden box, maust sa big's a corn binn ;
 T'had two gurt large winders wi' 'oles vor tha glass ;
 Tha lock'd op tha doors, an' there hem war vass.

Hem had'n bin there more'n a minnit or zoo,
 Vore zumbody wussell'd an' off us did goo !
 My eyes ! how hem veel'd !—what a way vor ta ride !
 Hem dra'd in her breath, an' hem thought hem'd a
 died.

Vore ever us know'd et us 'oller'd out "stap !"
 Hem opp'd wi' es hond an' catch'd wuld o' es 'at ;
 All the voke laugh'd at hem, an' that made hem mad ;
 But thof a' zed nothin, him veel'd cruel bad.

When vust hem look'd out, hem war vrighten'd still
 moor ;
 Hem thoft 'twar tha "wuld one" a-draggin, vor sure ;
 Vor narry a 'oss, nor nothin war in et ;
 I'll be durn'd if we did'n goo thirty miles in a minit.

Tha cows in tha veels did cock up their tails,
 An' did urn vor their lives roun' tha 'edges an' rails ;
 Tha 'osses did glowy, an' tha sheep glowied too,
 An' the jackasses blared out "ooh—eh—ooh !"

About a mile off hem zeed a church-steeple,
 An' in less 'an a minnit a zeed all the people ;

Us war glowing right at 'em ta zee who hem cou'd vind,
But avore hem cou'd look, tha war a mile behind.

Thee'st bin to a vare where the conjerers ply—
"Pristo Jack an' begone!" and tha things vlee awy;
Dash my wig! an' if 'twad'n the same wi' tha people,
Wi' the waggins an' 'osses, tha church an' tha steeple.

Gwain auver a brndge, athurt a gurt river,
Tha dreyv'djis sa hard an' sa ventersom's iver;
An' rummell'd lik thunder; hem thoft to be ground
All ta pieces, an' smash'd, an' murder'd, an' drown'd.

Oh dear! my poor hed! when us think o'et now,
How us ever got auver't hem can't tell thee 'ow;
Mi hed did whirdlely all roun' and roun'—
Hem cou'd'n ston' op, nor hem cou'd'n zit down.

When us got in ta Brister—But hem wo'n't tell the
now,
(Vor I da zee thee art vidgetty naw vor ta goo)
How hem zeed tha Queen's husband the Pirnce an'
hes train;
How tha Pirnce an' tha ship war buoth catch'd in tha
rain.

Uch 'l tell'ee tha rest o'et zum other time,
Vor hem promised hem's wife hem'd be woam avore
nine;
An' now tha clock's hattin a quarter past ten;
Zo gee us thi hond, an' good night, Nuncle Ben!

MR. GUY AND THE ROBBERS.

Mr. Guy war a gennelman
O' Huntspill, well known
As a grazier, a hirch one,
Wi' lons o' hiz awn.

A ôten went ta Lunnun
 Hiz cattle vor ta zill ;
 All tha hosses that a rawd
 Niver minded badge or hill.
 A war afeard o' naw one ;
 A niver made hiz will,
 Like wither vawk, avaur a went
 Hiz cattle vor ta zill.
 One time a'd bin ta Lunnun
 An zawld iz cattle well ;
 A brought awâ a power o' gawld,
 As I've a hired tell.
 As late at night a rawd along
 All droo a unketed,
 A ooman rawze vrom off tha groun,
 An right avaur en stood.
 She look'd za pitis Mr. Guy
 At once hiz hoss's pace
 Stapt short, a wonderin how, at night,
 She com'd in jitch a place.
 A little trunk war in her hon ;
 She zim'd vur gwon wi' chile.
 She ax'd en nif a'd take er up
 An cor er a veo mile.
 Mr. Guy, a man o' veelin
 Vor a ooman in distress,
 Than took er up behind en ;
 A cood'n do na less.
 A corr'd er trunk avaur en,
 An by hiz belt o'leather
 A bid er hawld vast : on thâ rawd
 Athout much tâk, together.
 Not vur thâ went avaur she gid
 A whissle loud an long,
 Which Mr. Guy thawt very strânge ;
 Er voice too zim'd za strong !
 She'd lost er dog, she zed ; an than
 Another whizzle blaw'd,

That stortled Mr. Guy ;—a stapt
 Hiz hoss upon the rawd.
 Goo ou, zed she ; bit Mr. Guy
 Zum rig beginn'd ta fear :
 Vor voices rawze upon tha wine,
 An zim'd a comin near.
 Again thâ rawd along ; again
 She whissled. Mr Guy
 Whipt out hiz knife an ent tha belt,
 Thanu push'd er off!—Vor why?
 Tha ooman he took up behine,
 Begummers, war a *man!*
 Tha rubbers saw ad lâd ther plots
 Our grazier to trepan.
 I sholl not stapt ta tell what zed
 Tha man in ooman's clawze ;
 Bit he, an âll o'm jist behine,
 War what you mid suppawze,
 Thâ eust, thâ swaur, tha dreaten'd too,
 An âter Mr. Guy
 Thâ gallop'd âll ; 'twar niver-tha-near :
 Hiz hoss along did vly.
 Auyer downs, droo dales, awâ a went,
 'Twar dâ-light now amawst,
 Till at an inn a stapt, at last,
 Ta thenik what he'd a lost.
 A lost?—why, nothin—but hiz belt !
 A zummet moor ad gain'd :
 Thie little trunk a corr'd awâ—
 It gawld g'lore contain'd !
 Nif Mr. Guy war hirch avaur,
 A now war hircher still :
 Tha plunder o' tha highwâmen
 Hiz coffers went ta vill.
 In sâfety Mr. Guy rawd whim ;
 A ôten tawld tha storry.
 Ta meet wi' jitch a rig myzel
 I shood'n, soee, be zorry.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Kennett has recorded numerous Staffordshire provincialisms, most of which are probably now obsolete, and would have escaped me but for his valuable collections. A valuable manuscript glossary by Mr. Clive, but extending no further than B in the part seen by me, was also found of use, and a few words in neither of these manuscripts were given me by Miss L. Marshall and Mr. Edward T. Gooch. The following specimen of the dialect, taken from Knight's *Quarterly Magazine*, 1823, will sufficiently exhibit its general character. The lengthening of the vowel *i* appears very common. In the collieries surnames are very frequently confused. It constantly happens that a son has a surname very different from that of his father. Nicknames are very prevalent, e. g. Old Puff, Nosey, Bullyhed, Loy-a-bed, Old Blackbird, Stumpy, Cowskin, Spindle-shanks, Cock-eye, Pigtail, Yellow-belly, &c.

DIALECT OF THE BILSTON FOLK.

The dialect of the lower order here has frequently been noticed, as well as the peculiar countenance of the real "Bilston folk." We noticed ourselves (upon the excursion) the following:—"Thee shatn't," for "you sh'a'nt;" "thee cost'na," for "you can't;" "thee host aff, surry, or oil mosh thoi yed fur thee," for "take yourself away, sirrah, or I'll crush your head;" "weear bist thee?" for "where are you?" "in a cauzlty wee loik," for "by chance;" with "thee bist, thee shonna;" "you are, you sha'n't." A young woman turned around to address a small child crying after her upon the thresh-

old of the hovel, as she went off towards the mine, "Ah, be seized, yung'un if thee dos n'r knoo' my bock as well as thee knoo-ast moy fee-as." Some of the better appareled, who affect a superior style, use words which they please to term "dicksunary words," such as "easement, convineiated, abstimonious, timothy" (for timid). One female, in conversation with a crony at the "truck-shop" door, spoke of "Sal Johnson's aspirating her mon's mind soo'a, and 'maiciating his temper," and "I never seed a sentiment o' nothin' bod till it took Tum all at once't," (sentiment here used for symptom) speaking of indisposition.—*Wanderings of a Pen and Pencil.*

CONVERSATION BETWEEN A STAFFORDSHIRE CANAL
BOATMAN AND HIS WIFE.

Lady. Dun yo know Soiden-mouth, Tummy?

Gent. Eees; an' a' neation good feller he is tew.

Lady. A desput quoiet mon! But he loves a sup o' drink. Dun yo know his woif?

Gent. Know her! ay. Her's the very devil when her sperit's up.

Lady. Her is. Her uses that mon sheamful—her rags him every neet of her loif.

Gent. Her does. Oive known her come into the publie and call him all the neames her could lay her tongue tew afore all the company. Her oughts to stay till her's got him i'the boat, and then her mit say wha her'd a moind. But her taks aiter her feyther.

Lady. Hew was her feyther?

Gent. Whoy, singing Jemmy.

Lady. Oi don't think as how Oi ever know'd singing Jemmy. Was he ode Soaker's brother?

Gent. Eees, he was. He lived a top o' Hell Bonk. He was the wickedest, swearinst mon as ever I know'd. I should think as how he was the wickedest mon i' the wold, and say he had the rheumatiz so bad.

SUFFOLK.

The characteristics of the Suffolk dialect are in all essential particulars the same as those of the Norfolk, so carefully investigated by Mr. Forby. The natives of Suffolk in speaking elevate and depress the voice in a very remarkable manner, so that “the Suffolk whine” has long been proverbial. The natives of all parts of East Anglia generally speak in a kind of sing-song tone. The first published list of Suffolk words is given in Cullum’s *History of Hawsted*, 1784, but no regular glossary appeared till the publication of Major Moor’s *Suffolk Words and Phrases*, 8vo. 1823, a very valuable collection of provincialisms. With the greatest liberality, Major Moor kindly placed in my hands his interleaved copy of this work, containing copious and important additions collected by him during the last twenty years; nor have I been less fortunate in the equally liberal loan of most valuable and numerous manuscript additions to Forby’s *East Anglia*, collected in Suffolk by D. E. Davy, Esq. Brief lists have also been sent by Miss Agnes Strickland and the Rev. S. Charles.

An early book of medical receipts, by a person who practised in Suffolk in the fifteenth century, is preserved in *MS. Harl. 1735*; an English poem, written at Clare in 1445, is in *MS. Addit. 11,814*; and Bokenham’s *Lives of the Saints* in *MS. Arundel. 327*, transcribed in 1447, is also written in the Suffolk dialect.

EXTRACT FROM A MS. OF ENGLISH POETRY OF THE
FIFTEENTH CENTURY, WRITTEN IN SUFFOLK, IN THE
POSSESSION OF W. S. FITCH, ESQ.

Herketh now farther at this frome,
How this sheperd wolde come ;
To Abraham the tydyngus comyn,
The prophetys hit undernomyн,
That is Moyses and Jonas,
Abacuc and Elias,
Ant Danyell and Jeromie,
And Davyd and I-saye,
And Elisen and Samuell,
Thei seyn Goddys comyng ryght well,
Long it were of hem alle to telle.
But herkynth how Ysay con spelle,
A child that is i-boryn to us,
And a sone i-gevyn us,
That shalle upholde his kyndome,
And alle this shall byn his nome,
Wondurfull God and of myght,
And rewfull, and fadur of ryght,
Of the world that hereaftur shall byn,
And Prince of Pes men shalle him seyn :
These buth the nomies as ge mowe i-leven,
That the prophetys to hym gevyn.

FROM BOKENAM'S LIVES OF THE SAINTS, WRITTEN
IN 1447.

Whylom, as the story tehyth us,
In Antyoche, that grete cytē
A man ther was clepyd Theodosius
For of paynymrye the patryark was he,
And had the reule and al the governaunce,
To whom alle prestys dede obecyaunce.

This Theodosius had a wyf ful mete
 To hys astate, of whom was born
 A doughtyr fayr, and elepyd Margarite,
 But ryht as of a ful sharp thorn,
 As provyded was of God beforne,
 Growyth a rose bothe fayr and good;
 So spong Margrete of the hethene blood.

MS. Arundel 327, f. 7.

A LETTER IN THE SUFFOLK DIALECT, WRITTEN IN
 THE YEAR 1814.

DEAR FRINND,

I was axed some stounds agon by Billy P. our 'sesser at Mulladen to make inquisition a' yeow if Master — had pahd in that there money into the Bank. Billy P. he fare kienda unasy about it, and when I see him at Church ta day he sah timmy, says he, prah ha yeow wrot—so I kienda wef't um off—and I sah, says I, I heent hard from Squire D — as yit, but I dare sah, I shall afore long—So prah write me some lines, an send me wahd, wutha the money is pahd a' nae. I dont know what to make of our Mulladen folks, nut I—but somehow or another, theyre allus in dibles, an I'll be rot if I dont begin to think some ou em all tahn up sealy at last; an as to that there fulla—he grow so big and so purdy that he want to be took down a peg—an I'm glad to hare that yeow gint it em properly at Wiek-hum. I'm gooin to meet the Mulladen folks a' Friday to go a bounden, so prah write me wahd afore thennum, an let me know if the money be pahd, that I may make Billy P. asy. How stammin cowd tis nowadays—we heent no feed no where, and the stock run blorein about for wittles jest as if twa winter—yeow mah pend ont twool be a mortal bad season for green geese, an we shant ha no spring wahts afore Soom fair. I elipt my ship last Tuesday (list a' me—I mean Wensday) an tha

seringe up their backs so nashunly I'm afeard they're wholly stryd—but 'strus God tis a strange cowd time. I heent got no news to tell ye, only we're all stammenly set up about that there corn bill—some folks dont fare ta like it no matters, an tha sah there was a nashun noise about it at Norrij last Saturday was a fautnit. The mob thay got 3 efijis, a farmer, a squire, and a mulla, an strus yeowre alive thay hung mn all on one jibbit—so folks sah. Howsomever we are all quite enough here, ease we fare to think it for our good. If you see that there chap Harry, give my sarvice to em.

SUSSEX.

The dialect of the east of Sussex is very nearly the same as that of Kent, while that of the west is similar to the Hampshire phraseology. "In Sussex," says Ray, *English Words*, ed. 1674, p. 80, "for hasp, elasp, wasp, they pronounce hapse, elapse, wapse, &c. ; for neck, nick ; for throat, throttle ; for choak, chock ; let'n down, let'n stand, come again and fet'n anon." These observations still hold good. In East Sussex *day* is pronounced *dee*, and the peasantry are generally distinguished for a broad strong mode of speaking. They pronounce *ow* final as *er*, but this habit is not peculiar ; and they often introduce an *r* before the letters *d* and *t*. A *Glossary of the Provincialisms in use in the County of Sussex*, by W. D. Cooper, was printed in 1836, a neat little work, a copy of which, with numerous manuscript additions, was kindly sent me by the author. Several Sussex words, not included in Mr. Cooper's list,

were sent to me by M. A. Lower, Esq., the Rev. James Sandham, Colonel Davies, and M. T. Robinson, Esq. ; and Mr. Holloway's *General Dictionary of Provincialisms*, 8vo. 1838, contains a considerable number.

TOM CLADPOLE'S JOURNEY TO LUNNUN, THE FIRST
SEVEN STANZAS.

Last Middlemus I 'member well,
When harvest was all over;
Us cheps had hous'd up all de banes,
An stack'd up all de clover.

I think, says I, I'll take a trip
To Lunnun, dat I wol,
An see how things goo on a bit,
Lest I shu'd die a fool!

Fer sister Sal, five years ago,
Went off wud Squyer Brown;
Housemaid, or summut; don't know what,
To live at Lunnun town.

Dey 'hav'd uncommon well to Sal,
An ge ur clothes an dat;
So Sal 'hav'd nashun well to dem,
An grow'd quite tall an fat.

I ax'd Ol' Ben to let me goo,
Hem rum ol' fellur he,
He scratch'd his wig, 'To Lunnun, Tom ?'
Den turn'd his quid, 'I'll see.'

So strate to mother home goos I,
An thus to ur did say,
Mother, I'll goo an see our Sal,
Fer measter says I may.

De poor ol' gal did shake ur head,
 Ah ! Tom, twant never do,
 Poor Sal is gone a teju's way,
 An must I now loose you?

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO FARM-LABOURERS IN
 SUSSEX.

Tom. Why, Jim, where a bin ?
Jim. Down to look at the ship.
Tom. Did ye look at the staek ?
Jim. Umps, I did, and it roakes terrible !
Tom. Why didn't ye make a hole in it ?
Jim. I be guain to it.
Tom. It's a pity, 'twas sich a mortal good 'un.
Jim. Es sure ! Well, It's melancholy fine time for
 the crops, aint it ?
Tom. Ah ! it'll be ripping time pretty soon now.
Jim. Ah ! I shan't do much at that for the rumatiz.
Tom. What be gnain to do with that cre jug ? You'd
 better let it bide. Do you think the chimbley sweeper
 will come to-day.
Jim. Iss ! he's safe to come, let it be how t'wull.
Tom. Which way do you think he'll come ?
Jim. He'll come athirt and across the common.
Tom. What, caterways, aye ?
Jim. Iss. Did you mind what I was a telling of ?
Tom. To be sure ; but dang ye if I could sense it,
 could you ?
Jim. Lor, yis. I don't think it took much cuteness
 to do that !

WARWICKSHIRE.

The following observations on the dialect of this
 county are taken from a manuscript glossary of War-
 wickshire words, compiled by the late Mr. T. Sharp,

and kindly communicated to me by Mr. Staunton, of Longbridge House, near Warwick: “The diphthong *ea* is usually pronounced like *ai*, as *mait*, *ait*, *plaise*, *paise*, *waik*, *say*, for *meat*, *eat*, *please*, *weak*, *sea*. The vowel *o* gives place to *u*, in *sung*, *lung*, *amung*, for *song*, *long*, *among*; *wunst* for *once*; *grun*, *fun*, and *pun*, for *ground*, *found*, and *pound*. *Shownd* is also frequent for the imperative of *show*. *A* and *o* are often interchanged, as *drap*, *shap*, *yander*, for *drop*, *shop*, *yonder*; and (per contra) *hommer*, *rot*, and *gonder*, for *hammer*, *rat*, and *gander*. *J* is substituted for *d*, in *juke*, *jell*, *jeth*, and *jed*, for *duke*, *deal*, *death*, and *dead*; whilst *juice* is often pronounced *duce*. *D* is added to words ending in *own*, as *drownded* and *gownd*, for *drowned* and *gown*. *E* is sometimes converted into *a*, as *batty*, *laft*, *fatch*, for *betty*, *left*, and *fetch*. The nom. case and the acc. are perpetually and barbarously confounded in such phrases as, *They ought to have spoke to we*; *her told him so*; *he told she so*; *us wont be hurt, will us?* This is one of our most grating provincialisms.” This manuscript glossary has been fully used in the following pages. I have also received communications from Mr. Perry, Mr. W. Reader, the Rev. W. T. Bree, the Rev. J. Staunton, Mr. J. T. Watson, and Thomas Haslewood, Esq. The modern dialect of Warwickshire contains a very large proportion of North country words, more than might have been expected from its locality. They say *yat* for *gate*, *feul*, *fool*, *shecam*, *shame*, *weeat*, *wheat*, *Yethard*, *Edward*, *Jeeams*, *James*, *leean*, *lane*, *rooad*, *road*, *wool*, *will*, *p-yaaper*, *paper*, *feeace*, *face*, *cooat*, *coat*, &c.

WESTMORELAND.

A brau new Wark by William de Worfat, containing a true Calendar of his thoughts concerning good nebberrhood, 12mo. Kendal, 1785, pp. 44, is a good specimen of the Westmoreland dialect, but of great rarity. This dialect is very similar to that of Cumberland.

A WESTMORELAND DIALOGUE.

Sarah. What yee hev hard hee yan ev my sweethearts, Lord ! This ward is brimful a lee for sartan.

Jennet. Aye, thears lees enow, but I reckon that nin.

Sarah. Yee may be mistaaan as weel as udder fowk ; yee mun know I went to Arnside tawer wie aur Breaady toth Bull, an she wod nit stand, but set off an run up Tawer-hill, an throoth loan on tae Middle Barra plane, an I hefted he, tul I wer welly brosen. Dick wor cumin up frae Silver dale, an tornd her, helpt me wie her toth bull, an then went heaam wie me, an while ea leev I'll nivver tak a kaw mair. Ise sure its a varra shamful sarvis to send onny young woman on, en what I think nicone hart is dun ea nae spot but Beothans parish. En frae this nebbors ses we er sweethearts.

A "GRAHAMED" LETTER.

TET HEDDITUR ET KENDAL MERCURY.

Sur,—Es as sea oft plaagin ye aboot summut ur udder, it maks me freezend et yéll be gittin oot uv o' pashens, but, ye kna, et wer varra unlarnd in oor dawle, en, therefore, obligeid when in a bit ov a diffcultee to ax sumbody et can enleetein us ont. Aw whope, hooiver, et this'en el be't last time et al hev occashun for yer advice ; for if aw can manage to git hoad uv this situashun et aw hev uv me ee, al be a gentleman oot days

uv me life. Noo, ye see, Mr. Hedditur, yaw day befowre t'rent com du, aw meen afowre t'time et fader was stinted to pay't in; for't landlawrd wiv mickle perswadin gev him a week or twa ower; but he telled him plane enuf if he dudent stunn up that he wad send t'Bumbal-lies ta seez t'stiicks en turn byath fader en mudder, mesel en oot barns, tut dner. O, man, thur landlawrds thur hard-hart'd chaps. Aw beleev he wad du'it tu, for yan niver sees him luke plissant, especiaalle et farm, for o'its et best condishun, en we've lade sum uv this neu-fashend manner et they eo' Guanney ont (Fadder likes to be like t' neabers). Sartently, it suits for yaw year, en theer's sum varra bonnie crops whor its been lade on middlin thick; but it we'at stand t'end es weel es a good foad midden. Whiah Mr. Hedditur, es aw was gangen to say, yaw day afowre t'time et Fader hed ta pay't rent he sent me wid a coo en a stirk tuy a girt fare, they eo Branten Fare, nar Appelby, en aw was to sell them if any body had me out, for brass he mud hev, whedder aw gat ther woorth ur nut. When aw was ut fare aw gat reet intult middel uv o'at thrang, whor aw thout aw endnt help but meet wid a customar; but aw was farely cheeted, for aw stude theer nar o't day we've me hands uv me pockets, en neabody es mickle es axd me what awd gayne aboot, en ye ma be sure aw pood a lang fawee, tell a gude-looken gentleman like feller com up tuy me, and nea doot seen aw was sare grhevd, began ta ax me es to whea aw was? whor aw coo fra? hoo me Fadder gat his leeven, en a deel mare sec like questions. Ov coorse, aw telld him nouit but truth, for, ye kna aw nivver like ta tell a lee ta neabody, en aw dudnt forgit, et saame time to let him kna hoo badly off Fadder was, en hoo it wad put him aboot when aw hednt selt be eas. T'gentleman, puer feller! was a varra feelen man, for he seemed a girt deel hurt, en gev me what aw wanted for me coo en stirk, widoot iver a wurd ov barteren. Efthr o' was sattled, en we'ed gitten eader a glass, aw

axed him for his nyame to tak ta Fadder, en he wrayate me't doon wid a wad pensel, ont back uv a lall green card; but unfortunatele aw put it intul me wayscovt pocket en't name gat rubbed oot afowre aw gat hyame. Ont tudder side et card, Mr. Hedditur, was an advertisement, ov which this is a wurd for wurd copy:

"WANTED IMMEDIATELY,
A MAN OF GOOD CHARACTER,
At a Salary of £500 per Annum,
To MIND HIS OWN BUSINESS,
And a further sum of £500,
To LEAVE OTHER PEOPLE'S ALONE!
☞ For further particulars inquire of the Secretary
for the Home Department."

Et first aw dudnt tak mickle nontice ont; but sen aw've been consideren that me Fadder is sare fashed we've sea mony ov us, en, as aw supposse, all hev as gude a chance a gitten a situwashun es onybody else, aw want to kna, Mr. Hedditur, hoo aw mun gang aboot it. Aw cannot tell what sud ale me gitten ont, for aw've allas bourne a gude eariekter, en thots t'sort uv a chap they want, en aw've nea doot aw eud sune larn t'trade. Aw see it coms ta nar twenty pund a week, throat yer, en its a grand thing for a puer body. T'laborin fowks aboot here cant hardllys mak hofe es mony shillens. O man, t'fowk hes sare shift to git a putten on, noo o' days. But besides o' that, aw can tell ye summet mare underneath, it maks me want ta gang ta Lnnen sea mickle es aw supposse its whare this situation is. Ye kna, Mr. Hedditur, me sweethart Nanny (es like ta sham we tellen ye, but ye munnet menshion t'our agen for awt worl) es aw was a saing me sweethart Nanny went up ta Lunnen ta be a Leddies made, en aw sud like varra we'el to see her et times. Es we ur sea far off taen t'other, we rite letters back en forrett ivery noo en then es ilder fowk does; but theers laytly been sum queer stowries in oor dawle aboot a feller they co

Jammy Graam. They sa he's been peepen intul oat letturs et gang up ta Lunnen, en then tellen oot en maken oot mischeef et iver he can. By gum! if aw thout he'ed been breken t'scals ov my letturs es aw sent ta Nanny—first time aw met him aw wad giv him sic a thumppen es he niver gat in his life beforwe. Aw wonder they hev'nt kick'd sec a good-for-nout feller oot uv t'Post lang sen, whon hes gilty uv sec like sneeken lo-lif'd tricks es them. Me hand's beginning ta wark, en aw mun finish we beggin ov ye ta tell me o' ye kna aboot situwashun, for es detarnend ta heft, en aw dunnet kna whea Secretary of t'Home Department is, en theerfowre es at a loss whea ta apply tu.

Yer effeeshunet frind,

JACOB STUBBS,

29th July, 1844.

fra t'Dawle.

PS.—T'wedder's nobbet been varra bad thur tweas ur thre days back, en thunner shooers hev been flean aboot.

WILTSHIRE.

The dialect of this county is so nearly related to that which is denominated the West-Country dialect, that the distinction must be sought for in words peculiar to itself rather than in any general feature. The Saxon plural termination *en* is still common, and *o*o** is generally pronounced as *wi*. Instances of their perfects may be cited, *snap*, *snopt*, *hide*, *hod*, *lead*, *lod*, *scrape*, *scrope*, &c. Some of their phrases are quaint. *That's makes me out*, puzzles me; *a kind of a middling sort of a way he is in*, out of sorts, &c. Mr. Britton published a glossary of Wiltshire words in his *Topographical Sketches of North Wilts*, vol. iii, pp. 369-80; and a more com-

plete one by Mr. Akerman has recently appeared, 12mo. 1842. Many words peculiar to this county will be found in the following pages which have escaped both these writers, collected chiefly from Kennett, Aubrey, and MS. lists by the Rev. Dr. Hussey, Dr. S. Merri-man, the Rev. Richard Crawley, and Mr. M. Jackson. The *Chronicon Vilodunense*, edited by W. H. Black, fol. 1830, is a specimen of the Wiltshire dialect in the fifteenth century. It is so frequently quoted in this work that any further notice is unnecessary. The following clever pieces in the modern dialect of the county are from the pen of Mr. Akerman.

THE HARNET AND THE BITTLE.

A harnet zet in a hollur tree,—
A proper spiteful twoad was he;
And a merrily zung while *he* did zet
His stinge as shearp as a bagganet:
 Oh, whoso vine and bowl'd as I,
 I years not bee, nor wapse, nor vly!

A bittle up thuek tree did clim,
And searnvally did look at hinu;
Zays he, “ Zur harnet, who giv thee
A right to zet in thuek there tree?
 Vor ael you zengs zo nation vine,
 I tell 'e 'tis a house o' mine.”

The harnet's conscience velt a twinge,
But grawin' bowl'd wi his long stinge,
Zays he, “ Possession's the best laaw;
Zo here th' sha'sn't put a clāaw!
 Be off, and leave the tree to me,
 The mixen's good enough for thee!”

Just then a yuckel, passin' by,
 Was axed by them the cause to try :
 " Ha ! ha ! I zee how 'tis !" zays he,
 " They'll make a vamous nunch for me !"
 His bill was shearp, his stomach lear,
 Zo up a snapped the caddlin pair !

MORAL.

Ael you as be to lāāw inclined,
 This leetle stwory bear in mind ;
 Vor if to lāāw you aims to gwo,
 You'll vind they'll allus zar'e zo :
 You'll met the vate o these here two,
 They'll take your cwoat and carcass too !

THE GENUINE REMAINS OF WILLIAM LITTLE, A WILTSHIRE MAN.

I've allus bin as vlush o' money as a twoad is o' veathers ; but if ever I gets rich, I'll put it ael in Zisseter bank, and not do as owld Smith, the miller, did, comin' whoam vrom market one nite. Martal avraid o' thieves a was. zo a puts his pound-bills and ael th' money a'd got about um in a hole in the wall, and the next marnin' a' couldn't remember whereabouts 'twas, and had to pull purty nigh a mile o' wall down before a' could vind it. Stoopid owld wosbird !

Owld Jan Wilkins used to zay he allus cut's stakes, when a went a hedgin', too lang, bekaze a' cou'd easily cut 'em sharter if a' wanted, but a' cou'dnt make um langer if 'em was too shart. Zo says I : zo I allus axes vor more than I wants. Iv I gets that, well and good ; but if I axes vor little, and gets less, it's martal akkerd to ax a zecond time, d'ye kneow !

Piple zay as how they gied th' neam o' *moonrakers* to us Wiltshire vauk bekaze a passel o' stupid bodies one night tried to rake the shadow o' th' moon out o' th'

brunk, and tuk't vor a thin cheese. But that's th' wrong ind o' th' stwory. The chaps az was doin' o' this was smugglers, and they was a vishin' up some kegs o' sperrits, and only purtended to rake out a cheese! Zo the exciseman az axed 'em the question had his grin at 'em; but they had a good laugh at he when 'em got whoame the stuff.

Owld Molly Sannell axed Molly Dafter to gie her a drap o' barn one day. "I ha'n't a got narn!" says she; "bezdies, I do want un mezelf to bake wi."

Measter Goddin used to zay as how childern costed a sight o' money to breng um up, and 'twas all very well whilst um was leetle, and zucked th' mother, but when um began to zuck the vather, 'twas nation akkerd.

Measter Cuss and his zun Etherd went to Lonnun a leetle time zenee, and when um got to their journey's ind, Measter Cuss missed a girt passel a carr'd wi' un to th' ewoach. "Lard, vather!" zays Etherd, "I zeed un drap out at Vize!" (Devizes.)

NORTH WILTSHIRE ELOQUENCE.

"Now, do'e plaze to walk in a bit, zur, and rest'e, and dwont'e mind my measter up ag'in th' chimley carner. Poor zowl on hin, he've a bin despert ill ever zence t'other night, when a wuz tuk ter'ble bad wi' th' rheumatiz in's legs and stummick. He've a bin and tuk dree bottles o' doctor's stuff, but I'll be whipped if a do simbly a bit th' better var't. Lawk, zur, but I be main sērow to be ael in zich a caddel, ael alang o'they childern. They've a bin a leasin', and when um coomed whoame, they ael tuk and drowed the carn ael amang th' vire stuff, and zo here we be, ael in a muddle like. And you be lookin' middlinish, zur, and ael as if e was shrammed. I'll take and bleow up th' vire a mossel; but what be them bellises at? here they be slat a-two! and here's my yeppurn they've a' bin and searched, and I've agot narra 'nother 'gin Zuunday beseps thisum!"

This elegant sample of North Wiltshire eloquence was uttered nearly in a breath, by Mistress Varges, the wife of a labourer with a large family, as the poor man's master entered the cottage to inquire after his health, and whether he would soon be able to return to his work.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

In Worcestershire, the peculiarities of speech most striking to a stranger is perhaps the interchange of *her* and *she*, e. g. "her's going for a walk with she." This perversion is even used in the genitive, "she's bonnet." As in Gloucestershire and Herefordshire, the pronoun *which* is constantly used to connect sentences, and to act as a species of conjunction. At a recent trial at Worcester, a butcher, who was on his trial for sheep-stealing, said in defence, "I bought the sheep of a man at Broomsgrove fair, *which* he is a friend of the prosecutor's, and won't appear; *which* I could have transported the prosecutor ever so long ago if I liked." As in many other counties, the neuter is frequently invested with the masculine gender. A more striking feature is the continual dropping of the *i* in such words as *stair*, *fair*, pronounced *star*, *far*, &c.; and the letter *r* is sometimes sounded between a final vowel, or vowel-sound, and an initial one. No works on the dialect of this county have yet appeared, and the majority of the words here quoted as peculiar to it have been collected by myself. I have, however, received short communications from J. Noake, Esq., Jabez Allies, Esq., Miss

Bedford, Mrs. John Waleot, Thomas Boulton, Esq., Mr. R. Bright, and Mr. William Johnson. The following extract is taken from a manuscript in my possession.

EXTRACT FROM A MS. OF MEDICAL RECEIPTS WRITTEN
BY SYR TOMAS JAMYS, VICAR OFF BADSEYE, ABOUT
THE YEAR 1450.

For the skawle a gode medeyn. Take pedlyon to handfullie ever that he be flowryd, and than he ys tender, and than take and sethe hym welle in a potelle of stronge lye tille the to halfe be soddyn awey, and than weseche the skallyd hede in stronge pysse that ys hoote, and than schave awey the schawle elene, and let not for bledyng; and than make a plasture of pedlyon, and ley it on the hede gode and warme, and so let it ly a day and a nyth, and than take it awey, and so than take thy mele and ronnyng watur of a broke, and thereof make theke papelettes, and than sprede them on a clothe that wolle cover al the soore, and so ley it on the sore hede, and let it ly iij. dayys and iij. nythtes ever it be remeveyd, and than take it of, and weseche the hede welle in strong pysse aynne, and than take and schave it elene to the flesche, and than take rede oynownce as mony ase wolle suffyee for to make a plasture over the sore, and boyle them welle in wature, and than stampe them, and temper them with the softe of calamyute, and old barow grese that ys maltyne elene, and so use this tylle the seke be hole.

YORKSHIRE.

There are numerous early manuscripts still preserved which were written in various parts of Yorkshire, most of them containing marks of the dialect of the county.

The *Towneley Mysteries*, which have been printed by the Surtees Society, were written in the neighbourhood of Wakefield. An English commentary on the Psalms, translated from the Latin work by Hampole a manuscript in Eton College Library, was also written in this county, the writer observing, “in this werke I seke no strange Inglyshe bot the lightest and the commonest, and swilke that es maste like til the Latyn, so that thus that knawes noght the Latyn wordes.” A metrical translation of Grosthead’s *Chasteau d’Amour*, in MS. Egerton 927, was made by a “munke of Sallay,” who calls it *The Myroure of lewed Men*. To these may be added *MS. Harl. 1022*, *MS. Harl. 5396*, *MS. Coll. Sion. xviii. 6*, and the *Thornton MS.* so often quoted in the following pages.

Higden, writing about 1350, says “the whole speech of the Northumbrians, especially in Yorkshire, is so harsh and rude that we Southern men can hardly understand it;” and Wallingford, who wrote long before, observes that “there is, and long has been, a great admixture of people of Danish race in that province, *and a great similarity of language.*” See the *Quarterly Review*, Feb. 1836, p. 365. There seem to be few traces of Danish in the modern Yorkshire dialect.

So numerous are modern pieces in the Yorkshire dialect, that it would be difficult to give a complete list. The rustic of this county has even had a newspaper in his native dialect, the *Yorkshire Comet*, the first number of which appeared in March, 1844; but in consequence of certain personal allusions giving offence, the

publisher was threatened with a prosecution, and he relinquished the work after the publication of the seventh number, and refused to sell the objectionable parts. The most complete *Glossary of Yorkshire Words* was compiled by Mr. Carr, 2 vols. 8vo. 1828, but it is confined to Craven, the dialect said to be used by Chaucer's North country scholars. See Mr. Wright's edition, vol. i, p. 160. Dr. Willan's list of words used in the mountainous district of the West-Riding, in the *Archæologia*, vol. xvii, pp. 138-167, should also be noticed; and long previously a Yorkshire glossary appeared at the end of the *Praise of Yorkshire Ale*, 12mo. 1697. Thoresby's list of West-Riding words, 1703, was published in Ray's *Philosophical Letters*; and Watson gives a *Vocabulary of Uncommon Words used in Halifax Parish* in his *History of Halifax*, 1775. These latter have been reprinted in the *Hallamshire Glossary*, 8vo. 1829, a small collection of words used in the neighbourhood of Sheffield. The Sheffield dialect has been very carefully investigated in an *Essay* by the Rev. H. H. Piper, 12mo. 1825. In addition to the printed glossaries, I have had the advantage of using manuscript lists of Yorkshire words communicated by Wm. Turner, Esq., William Henry Leatham, Esq., Henry Jackson, Esq., Dr. Charles Rooke, the Rev. P. Wright, Mr. M. A. Denham, Mr. Thomas Sanderson, John Richard Walbran, Esq., Mr. Banks, and N. Scatcherd, Esq.

A CHARM FOR THE TOOTH-ACHE,

From the Thornton Manuscript, f. 176.

A Charme for the Tethe-werke.—Say the charme thris,
 to it be sayd ix. tymes, and ay thrys at a charemynge.
 I conjuore thee, laythely beste, with that ilke spere,
 That Longyous in his hande gane bere,
 And also with ane hatte of thorne,
 That one my Lordis hede was borne,
 With alle the wordis mare and lesse,
 With the Office of the Messe,
 With my Lorde and his xii. postilles,
 With oure Lady and her x. maydenys,
 Saynt Margrete, the haly quene,
 Saynt Katerin, the haly virgyne,
 ix. tymes Goddis forbott, thou wikkyde worme,
 Thet ever thou make any rystyng,
 Bot awaye mote thou wende,
 To the erde and the stane !

DICKY DICKESON'S ADDRESS TO'T KNAWN WORLD,

From the First Number of the Yorkshire Comet, published in 1844.

DEAR IVVERYBODY:—Ah sudn't wonder bud, when
 some foaks hear o' me startin' on a Paper, they'll say,
 what in't world hez maade Dicky Diekeson bethink
 hizsen o' cummin' sich a eaaper as that? Wah, if ye'll
 nobbut hev hauf o't paatience o' Joab, Ah'll try ta tell
 ya. Ye mun knaw, 'at aboot six year sin', Ah wur i' a
 public-hoose, wheare ther wur a feller as wur braggin'
 on his larnin', an' so Ah axed him what he knawed
 aboot onny knawledgement, an' he said he thowt he'd a
 rare lump moare information i' his heead, ner Ah hed i'
 mine. Noo, ye knaw, Ah sudn't ha' been a quarter as
 ill mad, if ther hedn't been a lot o' chaps in't plaace 'at
 reckoned ta hev noa small share o' gumption. Soa, as
 sooin as Ah gat hoame that neet, Ah sware ta oor Bet,
 'at as suare as shoo was a match-hawker, Ah wud leearn

all't polishments 'at Schooilmaister Gill could teich ma. Varry weel, slap at it Ah went, makkin' pothukes, an' stroakes, an' Ah hardly knaws what; an' then Ah leeарnt spelderin', readin', i' fact, all 'at long-heeadeed Schoolmaister Gill knew hiszen; so 'at, when Ah'd done wi' him, Ah wur coonted as clever a chap as me feyther afore ma, 'an ye mun consider 'at Ah wur noa small beer when Ah'd come ta that pass, for he could tell, boot lukin', hoo mich paaper it wud tak' ta lap up an oonee o' 'bacea. Weel, as sooin as Ah'd gotten ta be sa wonderful wise, d'ye see? Ah thowt—an' it wur a bitter thowt, tew!—what a pity it wor 'at ivverybody couldn't dew as mich as Ah could. More Ah studied aboot it, an' war it pottered ma, Ah'll assuare ya. Wun neet, hooivver, as oor Bet an' me wur set be't fireside, shoo turned hersen suddenly roond, an' said, "Thoo's a fool, Dicky!" "What! Bet, does thoo really mecan ta say Ah'z a fool?" "Ah dew," shoo said: "thoo's a real fool!" "Hoo does ta mak' that oot, Bet?" said Ah, for Ah wur noane hauf suited aboot it. "Ah'll say it ageean an' ageean," says shoo; "thoo's a fool, an' if ta's onny way partikelar to knaw, Ah'll tell tha hoo Ah maks it oot. In't first plaace, luke what braans thoo hez; as starlin' as onny 'at ivver thease gurt men hed; an' yet, like a fool as Ah say thoo is, thoo taks it as easiy as a pig in't muck." "Weel, weel," Ah continid, "what wod ta ha' ma ta dew, lass? Tell us, an' Ah'll dew't." "Then," says shoo, "start a paaper i' thee awn naative tongue, an' call it t' *Yorshar Comet*. Ah'll be bun for't it'll pay as weel as ivver gooid coin did." Noo, then, as sooin as Ah heared oor Bet's noations, Ah wur ommust stark mad ta carry 'em oot; for Ah thowt, as shoo did 'at it wod pay capital, an' beside, Ah sud maybe be improovin't staate o' saciaty, an't morals o't vicious. Ye doan't need ta think 'at Ah'z nowt bud an igarant mushrum, for, though Ah say't mysen, Ah can tell ya 'at Dicky Dicke-

son's as full o' knowledge as a hegg's full o' mecat. Nut 'at Ah wants ta crack o' mysen, nowt o't soart ; it *isn't* what Ah says an' thinks o' mysen, bud what other foaks says an' thinks o' ma ; an' if ye ha' no objections, ye's just read a letter 'at Ah gat fro' Naathan Vickus aboot a year an'a hauf sin,' when all that talk wur agate relatin' ta Otley gerrin' franchised. It ran as follows :

“Pig-Colt Farm, Octoaber, 1842.

“DEAR DICKY,

“Ah mun confess at Ah've heeard some talk aboot oor toon sennin' two Members ta Parlement, an' if ivver it sud come ta pass, thoo ma be suare 'at Naathan Vickus 'll stick to tha up hill an' doon daale. Ah'z noane sa thick, Dicky, bud what Ah knaws pretty near what a chap is be't cut on his jib, thoo unnerstans ; an', depend on't, lad, that's what Ah judges thee by. Thoo's a man 'at 'll dew honour to't toon wheareivver ta goes goes, an' if there's onny feathers for onnybody's cap, it's Dicky Dickeson 'at's boon ta get 'em, or else Ah's a fool of a judge o' human flesh, that's all. Ah hev varry gurt pleasure i' offerin' tha my voate, an' oor Toby's in't bargain ; an' Ah dew promise tha, 'at if ivvery pig, mule an' cauf aboot my farm wur receavable as common sense creatures, thoo sud fin' a supporter i' ivvery one on 'em Wi' a bucket o' compliments ta the sister Bet an't rest o't breed,

“Ah is, dear Dicky,

“Moast respectful thine,

“NAATHAN VICKUS.”

Ta Mr. Dickeson, Esq.

Noo, then, Ah ax ageean, is ther onny o' ya, dear readers, as wod hev't leeast bit o' doot o' yer minds noo? Is ther, Ah say? Noa: Ah fancies Ah can hear some o' ya chucklin', an' sayin', “Hurra for Dicky Dickeson! he flogs all 'at's goane afore him!” An' let ma tell ya, 'at so Ah meceans ta dew ; an' if onny of

ya is trubbled wi' seets o' ghoasts or dull thowts, Ah'll guarantee ta freeten 'em oot o' ya, an' that's what noa soul afore ma's done yet. Bud Ah mun gi' ower writin tul ya at present, for oor Bet tells ma 'at me porridge hez been waitin' this hauf hoor, an', as a matter in coarse, they're stiff wi' stannin'. Ah can nobbut beg on ya ta read t'Yorshar Comet ivvery week, an', be dewin' soa, tak' my word for't, ye'll saave monny a poond i't yecar i' pills, boalusses, an' all sich belly-muck as tha are.

Bet joins wi' ma i' luv ta ya all, (shoo's a deacent lass, is Bet!) an' wi' a thoosand hoapes 'at ye'll encourage ma,

Ah is, dear Ivverybody,
Yer varry humble servtant,
DICKY DICKESON.

T'Editor's Study.

A LEEDS ADVERTISEMENT.

Mistress Biddy Bucklebewit,
Laate Haup'uy Cheesecake-Makker tul Her Majesty,
Begs ta inform t'public 'at shoo hez just
Setten up for' hersen i' that line,
26, Pastry Square, Leeds,
Wheare sha carries on

All them extensive businesses
O' tart-makker, honest brandy-snap baaker, treeacle-stick boiler, humbug importer, spice-pig traader, an' univarsal deef-nut, bread, cheese, bummack, an' giner-beer dealer; an' fro't experience 'at shoo's hed i' them lines o' genius wal wi' her Majesty, shoo begs ta assuare t'inhabitants 'at shoo's t'impedence ta think here's noa-body 'll gi' more for t'brass, or sich inconceecavable qualaty as shoo will.

Biddy Bucklebewit alsoa desires ta noatice, 'at as for punctualaty, noobody can be more soa ner hersen; for shoo awlus hez t'oven hoat, an' what's better, keeps a

wheelbarrow for t'express purpose o' despatchin' arti-cles ta all t'paarts o't gloabc.

P. S.—I' consequence o't immense saale an' superi-oraty o' B. B.'s goods, lots o' unprincipled foaks hez been induced ta adopt her receapts like, an' ta defraud her; ta prevent which t'Honarable Commissioners o' Stamps hez ordered 'at all B. B.'s stuff be figured wi' a billy-gooat's heead, (them animals bein' tremendous fond o' lollipop) soa 'at noane i' futur 'll be ge-nu-ine but what is ornamented as afore particalarized. Be suare ta think on

No. 26, Pastry Square, Leeds.

SCRAPS FROM NEWSPAPERS.

Fraud.—Felix Flibberton hed a sad roond wi' his wife this week, caused, as we're told, be Mistress Flibberton bein' guilty on a piece o' roguery, t'like o' which we seldom hear tell on. It's said, when Felix taasted on his teeä, t'last Thursday mornin', he fan it oot 'at it worn't ower strong, but on't contraary, wur considerably weaker ner common. O' this fact comin' ta leet, he called his wife tut scratch, an' axed as lovinly as ha wrn' aable, hoo it happened 'at his teeä wur i' that pickle. Noo, Felix an' his wife's coffee an' sich like, wur auillus prepaared i' separate pots,—Ah meean tea-pots; an', that mornin', Mister Flibberton hevin' ligged rayther long i' bed, his wife hed thowt proper ta gulp her brekfast afore he landed doon. T'question wor, hed t'mistress ta'en t'biggest shaare o't teeä, as theare wur noane in t'cannister then? T'poor woman said, ther wur precious little ta mak' t'brekfast on; but what ther wor, shoo divided fairly, leeavin' her husband be far t'bigger hauf. Nut chusin' ta believe all'at his wife spluttered oot, Felix shoteed o't sarvant, whoa depoased 'at when shoo gat up, shoo wur snare 'at theare wur then plenty i't canister ta mak' six rare strong cups. Efter a deecal o' cross-examinaation between t'mistress an't

sarvant, t'former began o' roarin', an' confessed 'at shoo hed defrauded her lawful partner, devoatin' tul her awn use three, wal tul her husband shoo nobbut left one an' a hauf spooiful o' teea. Felix wodn't grant noa pardon then, bud bun her ower ta keep t'peeace for three months; an', suppoasin' 'at shoo brak it ageean, he threatened sendin' a brief o't whoale eaase ta Maister Wilkins, barrister, an' ta tak' sich steps as he mud advise.

A Munificent Gift.—Dr Swabbs, Physician extraordinary ta ivverybody 'at wants poisonin', hez once more come oot ov his shell, an' letten t'world knaw 'at he's t'same Dr. Swabbs still 'at ivver ha wor. O' Tuesday neet, wal t'doctor wur smookin' his pipe, an' swillin' his tummler o' brandy an' watter, a depitation o'maad-sarvants, consistin' o't cooks an' seven or eight hoose an' chaamer-maads, waated on him wi' a Roond Robin, petitionin' for a small donaation i' order ta buy a mixtut ta poison t'mice wi', as they wur gerrin varry impended i' ther walks intut kitch'en an' cupboard; i' fact as't trustwarthy cook said, one on 'em hed t'barefaacedness ta come an' wag his tail i' her chocolate, and then as bare faacedly maade his escaape, wi'oot stoppin' ta be walloped for't. T'doctor wur soa moved be thease argements, 'at he threw doon his pipe, brekkin' on't, as t'hoose-maad teld ma, thrusted his hand intul his pocket, an' drew sixpence. What a blessin' wod it be if men generally wod nobbut foller Dr. Swabbs's example!

A Litrary Saciaty.—A Litrary Saciaty hez been formed i' Otley be some perseverin' an' common-sense young men 'at's ov opinion 'at it's nowt bud reight 'at they sud hev as mich larnin' as tha can afford ta pay for. A committee's been maade, consistin' o' seven o't wisest o' thease conspirators tut owerthraw o' ignorance, an' rules drawn up an' printed i' a hexcellent style, varry creditable boath tut author an' tut printer thereon,

Ah's suare, we've just seen a catalogue o't books they've already gotten, an' as it could'n miss but *speik volums* i' ther faavour, we beg ta subjoin t'naames on a to-three o't principal warks:—Jack t'Giant-Killer, Tom Thumb, Cock Robin, Mother Hubbard, Jumpin' Joan, Puss i' Boots, Tom t'Piper's Son, an' a splendid haup'ny edition o' Whittin'ton an' his Cat. This is a grand opportunitat for lovers o' soond mathamatical, an' other litarary pursuits, ta come forrad, an' suppoart an' susstaan a novelty fro' which tha ma gether all t'information ther minds is on t'luke oot for.

DEBORAH DUCKITON'S ADVICE CORNER.

If ya tuke noatice, ye would see, 'at t'latter end o' March i'tfirst quarter, t'mooin wur laad ov her back, a suare sign o' stormy weather. Ye'll all knew, 'at theare's been part frost an' shaw sin'; an', if my judgment isn't awfully wrong, we's ha' some more. Weel, noo, i' frosty weather, ye're aware, it's rayther daangerous walkin', becos o't varry gurt slapeness o't rooads an't flegs; Ah'z quite posative on't, for even i' my time Ah've seen more ner one long-legged coavey browt ov a level wi't grund, an' Ah've seen monny a stoot an' respectable woman, tew. Let me preseribe a remady, then, for all sieh misfortuns. Shaadraeh Scheddul,—a celebraated horse-shooer i' oor toon, propoased ta *sharpen* barns for three-haupence a heead; lads an' lasses, fro' ten ta sixteen year o' aage, thruppance; an' all aboon that owdness, whether tha've big feet, little feet, or noa feet at all, fowerpence.

N.B. Ivvery allooance 'll be maade for wooden legs; an' o' them 'at honestly doesn't wish ta be blessed wi't last-naamed articles o' weear, it's moast respectfully requested 'at they'll avaal thersens o't sharpenin' invention. Shaadraeh Scheddul alloos five per cent. off for ready brass, or six months' credit;—auther 'll dew.

Ah advise all laadies 'at doesn't wish ta hev ther husbands' stockins ootraageously mucky on a weshin'-day, nut ta alloo 'em t'privilege o' spoartin' knee-breeches, them hevin' been proved, be varry clever philosophers ta be t'leeadin' cause theareof, an't principal reeason why t'leg o' stockin' doesn't last as long as t'foot.

VISITS TA DICKY DICKESON.

O' Friday Dicky Dickeson wur visited i' his study be't Marquis o' Crabbum, an', efter a deal o' enquiries aboot t'weather, an' monny remarks consarnin' this thing, an' that, t'latter praceeeded ta explaan what ha'd come for, soapin' an' smilin' tut larned editor, as it's generally knawn all thease topmarkers dew—when tha've owt ta ger oot on him. It appears 'at t'aim o't Marquis wur ta induce Mr. Dickeson, as a capitalist o' some noate, ta join wi' him i' buyin' in all t'paaper shaavins 'at tha can lig ther hans on, soa as ta hev all t'traade ta thersens. Mr. Dickeson agreed, an' t'fielectin' an' shaavin'-decalin' world is lukin' wi' mich terror an' int'rest tut result.

Immediately efter t'Marquis o' Crabbum hed maade his exit, a gentle rap wur heeard at t'door o't study, an' when Mr. Dickeson bad 'em walk forrad, in popped a bonny, blue-e'ed, Grecian-noazed, white-tooithed lass o' eighteen, an' be't way i' which t'editor smacked her roasy cheeks wi' his lips, here's na doot bad it wur Nanny Tract. Shoo'd browt two ooateaakes, 'at shoo'd newly baaked, ye knew. Mr. Dickeson set tul ta eit 'em, an' Nanny set tul ta watch him; an' when t'first hed finished his performance on't ooot-eakes, here's na need ta say 'at he began o' squeazin' t'latter; ay, an' ye ma say what ya've a mind aboot t'modesty o't laadies, bud Nanny squeezed him as weal, an' wor ther owt wrong in't, think ya? Shallywally! Bud, hooivver, t'editor hedn't been long at this gam', afore ha heerd

another noise,—a shufflin', slinkin' nosie, Ah meean, an' nut a reg'lar rap,—ootside o't door; soa, takkin' his shoe s off, he crept nicely tut spot, an', be gow! if ha didn't fin't printer's divil lissenin' theare, here's be nowt for tellin' ya on't. Mr. Dickeson, onmust choaked wi' madness at this turn-up, (for wheare's ther onnybody 'at likes ta hey ther love-dewins heeard an' seen?) shoved him intut middle on his study; an' commandin' Nanny ta hod him a minute, (which saame shoo did ta perfection,) he went tut other end o't plaace, an' puttin' on a middlin'-sized clog, tuke a run pause at t'posterioris o't impudent printer's divil, an' theareby makin' him sing "God saave t'Queen" i' sich prime style, 'at delicate Nanny wur ta'en wi' a fit o' faantin'. T' music hevin' eceased as sooin as t'performer wur turned oot, Nanny bethowt hersen ta come roond; bud, shaameful ta say, her an' Dicky didn't paart wal fower i't afternoon, at which time t'lass wur wanted up at hoame ta darn stockins an' crimp frills.

MISCELLANIES.

Men an' women is like soa monny cards, played wi' be two opponents, "Time an' Eternity: Time get's a gam noo an' then, an' hez t'pleasure o' keepin' his caards for a bit, bud Eternity's be far t'better hand, an' proves, day be day, an' hoor be hoor, 'at he's winnin' incalculably fast.

Whenivver ya see one o' thease heng-doon, black eraape thinguns 'at comes hauf doon a woman's bonnet an' faace, be suare 'at shoo's widowed, an' "*Ta Let!*"

It's confidently rumoured in t'palitical world 'at t'tax is goin' ta be ta'en off leather-breeches, an' putten on white hats.

Why does a young laady i' a ridin'-habit resemblle Shakspeare? Cos shoo's (offen) miss-coated (*misquoted*).

A lad i' Otley, knawn t'inhabitants for his odd

dewins like, an' for his modesty, tew, wun day went a errand for an owd woman 'at tha called Betty Cruttice : an' he wur sa sharp ower it, an' did it sa pleasantly beside, 'at Betty axed him ta hey a bit o' apple-pie for his trouble. "Noa, thank ya," said t'lad. "Thoo'd better, Willy," said Betty. "Noa, thank ya," repeateed t'lad ; an' off he ran hoamie, an' as sooin as ha gat intut hoose, burst oot a-roarin' an' sobbin' as if his heart wod brek. "Billy, me lad," says his mother, "what's t'matter wi' tha?" "Wah," blubbered poor Billy, "Betty Cruttice axed ma ta hey a bit o' apple-pie' an' Ah said, Noa, thank ya!"

Peakers is like brawlin' tongues—just t'things ta stir up fires wi'.

Why does a inland sea resemme a linen-draaper's shop? Cos it contaans surges an' bays (*serges an' baize*).

"What's said for thease remarkable articles?" shooted an auctioneer at a saale to three week sin'. "Here's a likeness o' Queen Victoria, ta'en in t'year seventeen ninety-two, a couple o' pint pots, 'at's been drunk oot on be't celabrated Bobby Burns, an' a pair o' tongs 'at General Fairfax faught wi' at t'battle o' Marston Moor, all i' wun lot: ay, ay, an' here's another thing ta goa wi' em, a hay-fork 'at Noah used ta bed doon his beestas wi' when ha wur in t'ark, sometime i' fowerteen hundred. Bud, hooivver, it maks na odds tut year. Fower articles here, all antiquities; what's said for 'em? Sixpence is said for 'em, laadies an' gennlemen—eightpence is said for 'em—ninempace, tenpace, a shillin's said for 'em, laadies an' gennlemen, an' thank ya for yer magnanimaty. Are ya all done at a shillin'? Varry weel, then. Ah sahn't dwell; sooo thease three articles is goin'." "Ye're reight, maaster," shooted a cobbler fro't crood, "they *are goin'*, tew; for if my e'es tell ma reight, theare's na hannels on't pots, na noase on't pictur, an' na legs on't tongs."

“ Hoo sweet—hoo varry sweet—is life !” as t’flee said when ha wur stuck i’ treeacle.

Why does a lad, detected i’ robbin’ a bee-hive ger a a double booty be’t? Cos he gets boath honey an’ whacks (*wax*).

A striplin’ runnin’ up tul a paaver, ‘at wur hammerin’ an’ brayin’ soa at his wark, ‘at t’sweeat fair ran doon his checks, began o’ seraapin’t sweeat off his faace intul a pot wi’ a piece o’ tin. “ Hollow !” shoot’s t’man, rubbin’ his smartin’ featurz wi’ his reight hand, “ what meeans tha ta be comin’ ta seraape t’skin off a man’s coontenance?” “ Nay, nay,” said t’lad, “ Ah worn’t seraapin’t skin off, noo, but nobbut t’sweeat, which wur o’ noa use ta ye, maaster, wal it *wor* ta me, as Ah’ve been all ower, au’ couldn’t get na *gooise*-greease onny-wheare till E saw ye.”

A FABLE.

I’t’ Fable book, we read at school,
On an owd Frosk, an arrand Fooyl;
Pride crack’d her little bit o’Brain :
(T’ book o’ me Neyve, Mun) we a pox,
Shoo’d needs meytch Bellies we an Ox;
Troath, shoo wor meeghtly mistayne.

Two on hur young ons, they pretend
Just goane a gaterds we a Friend,
Stapisht an’ starin’, brought her word—
“ Mother, we’ve seen for suer, To-neeght.
“ A hairy Boggard ! sich a seeght !
“ As big ! as big ! eeh Loord ! eeh Loord !”

Shoo puffs, and thrusts, and girns, and swells,
[Th’ Bairns thowt sho’ or dooin’ summot else]
To ratch her Coyt o’ speckl’d Leather ;—
“ Wor it as big, my Lads, as me ?”
“ Bless us,” said Toan, “as big as ye
“ Yoar but a Beean anent a Blether !”

No grain o' Marey on her Guts,
At it ageean shoo swells and struts,
As if the varry hangment bad her.
Thinkin' ther Mother nobbut joak'd,
Th' young Lobs wi' laughin', wor hawf choak'd;
A thing which made her teu times madder.

Another thrust, and thick as Hops,
Her Pudding's plaister'd all their Chops,
'Mess there wor then a bonny stirring;
Deead in a minute as a Stoane
All t'Hopes o' t' Family wor gooane
And not a six-pince left for t'burying.

We think, do you see, there's no small chonee
This little hectoring dog o' Fronce
May ent just sitch another Caper;
He'll trust, for sartin, ol a pod
Ye,—mortal Tripes can never hod
Sitch heaps o' wind, an' reek, an' vapor.
What's bred i' t'Booane, an' runs i' t'Blooyd,
If nought, can niver eome to gooyd,
Loa Mayster Melville's crackt his Pitcher,
Mooar Fowk are sweeatin', every Lim',
A feeard o' being swing'd like him,
Wi' Sammy Whitbread's twinging switch'r

SPECIMENS
OF THE
EARLY ENGLISH LANGUAGE,
CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED.

From
SIMON DE GHENT'S RULE OF NUNS,
Of the earlier part of the thirteenth century.

Holy men ȝ holi wummen beoð of alle vondunges
swuðest ofte i-tempted, ȝ han to goddre heale; vor
iþe vihte ageines han, heo bigiteð þe blisfule kempene
crune. Lo! þauh hwu he menoð ham bi Jeremie :
persecutores nostri velociores aquilis celi, super montes
persecuti sunt nos; in deserto insidiati sunt nobis. ȝet
is, ure wiþerwines beoð swifture þen þe earnes; up
oðe hulles heo clumben efter us, ȝ ȝer fuhten mid
us, ȝ get iðe wildernes heo aspieden us to slean.
Ure wiþerwines beoð þreo: þe veond, þe world, ȝ ure
owune vleſhs, aſe ich er ſeide. Lihltiche ne mei me
nout oþerhule i-cnowen hwic of þeos þreo weorreð
him; vor evrichon helpeð oþer, þauh þe veond kund-
deliche eggeð us to atternesse, as to prude, to overhewe,
to onde, ȝ to wreðe, ȝ to hore attri kundles, ȝet
beoð her efter i-nemmed, ȝet flesh put propremen

touward swetnesse, ¶ toward eise, ¶ toward softnesse, ant te world bit mon gisseen wordes weole, ¶ wunne ¶ wurschipe, ¶ ofer swuche ginegoven, þet bidweolieð kang men to luvien one scheadewe. þeos wiðerwines, he seið, voluyed us on hulles, ¶ awaiteð us iðe wildernesse, hu heo us muwen hermien. Hul, þet is heih lif, þer þes deofles assauz beoð ofte strengest; wildernesse, pet is onlich lif of anere wuning, vor also ase ine wildernesse beoð alle wilde bestes, ¶ nulleð nout i-þolen monnes neihlechunge, anh fleoð hwon heo ham i-hereð ofer i-seoð, also schulen aneren over alle ofre wummen beon wilde o þisse wise, ¶ peonne beoð heo over alle ofre leovest to ure Loverde, ¶ swetest him þuncheð ham; vor of alle flesches þeonne is wilde deores fleschs leovest ¶ swetest, I þisse wildernesse wende ure Loverdes fole, ase Exode telleð, toward ted eadie londe of Jerusalem, þet he ham hefde bihoten. And ge, mine leove sustren, wendeð bi þen ilke weie toward te heie Jerusalem, to þe kinedom þe he haveð bihoten his i-corene. Goð þauh ful warliche, vor i þisse wildernesse beoð monie uvele bestes; liun of prude, neddre of attri onde, unicorne of wreðe, beore of dead slouhðe, vox of gisunge, suwe of givernes, scorpiun mid te teile of stinkinde lecherie, þet is golnesse. Her beoð nu a-reawe i-told þe seoven heaved sunnen.

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

Time of Henry III.

Blessed beo thou lavedi,
ful of hovene blisse,
Swete flur of parais,
moder of miltornisse;
Thu praye Jhesu Crist thi sone,
that he me i-wisse,
Thare a londe al swo ihe beo,
that he me ne i-misse.

Of the, faire lavedi, min oreisun
 ich wile biginnen !
 Thi deore swete sunnes love
 thu lere me to winnen.
 Wel ofte ich sike and sorwe make,
 ne mai ich nevere blinnen,
 Bote thu, thruh thin milde mod,
 bringe me out of sunne.

Ofte ihe seke merci,
 thin swete name ich calle :
 Mi flehs is foul, this world is fals,
 thu loke that ich ne falle.
 Lavedi freo, thu schild me
 fram the pine of helle !
 And send me into that blisse
 that tunge ne mai tellen.

Mine werkes, lavedi,
 heo makieth me ful won ;
 Wel ofte ieh elepie and calle.
 thu i-her me for than.
 Bote ic chabbe the help of the,
 other I ne kan ;
 Help thu me, ful wel thu mist,
 thu helpest moni a man.

I-blessed beo thu, lavedi,
 so fair and so briht ;
 Al min hope is uppon the
 bi dai and bi nicht.
 Helpe, thruh thin milde mode,
 for wel wel thu mist,
 That ich nevere for feondes sake
 fur-go thin eche liht.

Briht and scene quen of hovene,
 ich bidde thin sunnes hore ;

The sunnes that ich halbe i-cun,
 heo rewweth me ful sore.
 Wel ofte ich elabbhe the firr-saken,
 the wil ich never eft more ;
 Lavedi, for thine sake,
 trenthen feondes lore.

I-blessed beo thu, lavedi,
 so feir aud so hende ;
 Thu praie Jhesu Crist thi sone,
 that he me i-sende,
 Whare a londe al swo ich beo,
 er ich honne wende,
 That ich mote in parais
 wouien withuten ende.

Bricht and scene queu of storre,
 so me liht and lere,
 In this false fikele world
 so me led and steore,
 That ich at min ende dai
 ne habbe non feond to fere ;
 Jhesu, mit ti swete blod,
 thu bohatest me ful dere.

Jhesu, seinte Marie sone,
 thu i-her thin moder bone ;
 To the ne dår I clepien noht,
 to hire ich make min mene ;
 Thu do that ich for hire sake
 beo i-maked so clene,
 That ich noht at dai of dome
 beo flemed of thin exsene.

MS. Egerton 613, Reliq. Antiq. i. 102-3.

From
THE HARROWING OF HELL,
 MS. Digby 86, time of Edward I.

Hou Jhesu Crist herowede helle,
 Of harde gates ich wille telle.
 Leve frend, nou beth stille,
 Lesteth that ieh tellen wille,
 Ou Jhesu fader him bithoute,
 And Adam hout of helle broute.
 In helle was Adam and Eve,
 That weren Jhesu Crist wel leve ;
 And Seint Johan the Baptist,
 That was newen Jhesu Crist,
 Davit the prophete and Abraham,
 For the sunnes of Adem ;
 And moni other holi mon,
 Mo then ieh ou tellen con ;
 Till Jhesu fader nom fles and blod
 Of the maiden Marie god,
 And suth then was don ful michel some,
 Bonden and beten and maked ful lome,
 Tille that Gode Friday at non,
 Thenne he was on rode i-don,
 His honden from his body wonden,
 Nit here ~~mi~~gte hoe him shenden,
 To helle sone he nom gate
 Adam and Eve hout to take ;
 Tho the he to helle eam,
 Suche wordes he bigan.

From
COKAYGNE,
 A poem written very early in the fourteenth century.

Ther is a wel fair abbei,
 Of white monkes, and of grei,
 Ther beth bowris and halles :
 Al of pasteis beth the walles,

Of fleis, of fissee, and rich met,
 The likfullist that man mai et.
 Fluren cakes beth the schingles alle,
 Of ehereche, cloister, boure and halle.
 The pinnes beth fat podinges,
 Rich met to princeez and kringes.
 Ther is a cloister fair and *līgt*,
 Brod and lang, of sembli *sīgt*.
 The pilers of that cloister alle
 Beth i-turned of cristale,
 With harlas and capitale
 Of grene iaspe and rede corale.
 In the praer is a tre
 Swithe likful for to se,
 The rote is gingevir and galingale.
 The siouns beth al sedwale.
 Trie maees beth the flure,
 The rind canel of swet odur;
 The frnte gilofre of gode smakke,
 Of eueubes ther nis no lakke.

MS. Harl. 913, f. 4.

From

THE PROVERBS OF HENDYNG,

MS. Harl. 2253, time of Edward II.

Mon that wol of wysdam heren,
 At wyse Hendyng he may lernen,
 That wes Marcolves sone;
 Gode thonkes ant monie thewes
 For te teche fele shrewes,
 For that wes ever is wone.
 Jhesu Crist, al folkes red,
 That for us alle tholede ded
 Upon the rode tre,
 Lene us alle to ben wys,
 Ant to ende in his servys!

Amen, par charité!
' God biginning maketh god endyng,'
Quoth Hendyng.

Wyt and wysdom lurneth *ȝ*erne,
Ant loke that none other werne
To be wys ant hende;
For betere were to bue wis,
Then for te where feh ant grys,
Wher so mon shal ende.
' Wyt and wysdom is god warysoun,'
Quoth Hendyng.

Ne may no mon that is in londe,
For nothyng that he con fonde,
Wonen at home ant spedē;
So fele thewes for te leorne,
Ase he that hath y-sotht *ȝ*eorne
In wel fele theode.
' Ase fele thede, ase fele thewes ;'
Quoth Hendyng.

THE CREED,

From a MS. written in the reign of Edward III.

I byleve in God, fader almyȝthi, maker of hevene
and of erthe, and in Jhesu Crist, the sone of hym only
oure lord, the wusche is conseyyed of the holy gost,
y-boren of Marie mayden, suffrede passioun under
Pounce Pilate, y-crucified, ded, and buried, wente doun
in to helle, the thridde day he roos from dethe, he
steyet up to hevenes, he sitteth on the right syde of
God the fadur almyȝti, thennes he is to come to deme
the queke and the dede. I byleve in the holy gost,
holy chirche general, the comunyng of halewes, the
forȝefenesse of synnes, the rysyng of flech, and the lyf
whit-oute ende. Amen.

From
 A POEM ON BLOOD-LETTING,
 Written about A. D. 1830.

Maystris that uthyth blode letyng,
 And therwyth giteth *ȝowr* leyyng,
 Here *ȝe* may lere wysdom ful gode,
 In what place *ȝe* sehulle let blode
 In man, woman, and in childe,
 For evelys that ben wyk and wilde.
 Weynis ther ben .xxx.ⁱⁱ and two
 That on a man mot ben undo ;
 .xvj. in the heved ful *riȝt*,
 And .xvj. beneth in *ȝow i-pyȝt*.
 In what place thay schal be founde,
 I schal *ȝow* telle in a stounde.
 Besydis the ere ther ben two,
 That on a man mot ben undo
 To kepe hys heved fro evyl turnyng,
 And fro the scalle, wythout lesyng.
 Two at the templys thay mot bledē
 For stoppynge of kynde, as I rode.
 And on is in the mydde for-hevede,
 For lepre sausfeme mot bledē.
 Abowe the nose thare is on,
 For fuethynge mot be undon ;
 And also whan eyhen ben sore,
 And for resyng gout everemore.
 Two they ben at the eyhen ende,
 Whan they beth bleryt for to amende,
 And for that cometh of smokynge,
 I wol tel yow no lesyng,
 At the holle of the *ȝrot* ther ben two,
 That for lepre and streyt breyt mot be undo.
 In the lyppys .iiij. ther ben gode to bledene,
 As I yow telle now bydene ;
 Two by the eyhen abowen also,
 I telle yow there ben two

For sor of tho mowthe to blede,
 What hyt is I fynde as I rede.
 Two under the tongue wythout lese
 Mot blede for the squynase ;
 And whan the townge is akyng
 Throg̃t eny maner swollynge.

From
 AN ASTROLOGICAL MANUSCRIPT,
 Written about the year 1400.

Man born wile the sonne is in Cankyr, that is the xiiij. day in Jun tyl the xiiij. day in Jul, xxx. day. is whit colorid, femynin herte ; but he be born the owr of Mars or of Sol or of Jupiter, man bold and hardy, and sly inowh to falshede and tresowne, fayr spekere and evil spekere, and suptyl and wily and fals, broken in arm or in fase, desese in cheyl or nere, mekyl wytty and mikyl onwis and onkynde, and fals in fele thingis in word and dede ; shrewe to woordin wyth, hatyd of fele and wol fewe lowyd ; a womman schal make him to sinne ; he schal lovin a woman brown of complexown and of bettur blod than is hymself ; he schal lovin no man but for hiis owne profyt.

A SONG,
 Temp. Henry VI.

What so mene seyne,
 Love is no peyne
 To theme serteyne
 Butt varians ;
 For they constreyne
 Ther hertes to feyne,
 Ther mowthis to pleyne
 Ther displesauns.
 Whych is in dede
 Butt feynyd drede,
 So God me spede !

And dowbilnys.
 Ther othis to bede,
 Ther lyvys to lede,
 And proferith mede
 New-fangellenys.
 For whenne they pray,
 Ye shalle have nay,
 What so they say,
 Beware, for shame.
 For every daye
 They waite ther pray,
 Wher so they may,
 And make butt game.
 Thenne semyth me
 Ye may welle se
 They be so fre
 In evry plase :
 Hitt were peté
 Butt they shold be
 Bogelid, perdé,
 Withowtynne grase.

MS. Cantab. Ff. i. 6, f. 45.

Extract from

THE ROMANCE OF SIR PERCEVAL,
 Written about 1440.

Thofe he were of no pryd,
 Forthirmore gaune he glyde
 Tille a chambir ther besyde,
 Moo sellys to see ;
 Riche clothes fande he sprede,
 A lady slepande on a bedde,
 He said, “ Forsothe a tokyne to wedde
 Salle thou lese with mee.”
 Ther he kyste that swete thyng,
 Of hir fynger he tuke a ryng,
 His awenne modir takynnyng

He lefte with that fre.
He went forthe to his mere,
Tuke with hym his schorte spere,
Lepe one lofte as he was ere,
 His way rydes he.
Now on his way rydes he,
Moo selles to see;
A knyghte wolde he nedis bee
 Withowttene any bade.
He come ther the kyng was
Servede of the firste mese,
To hym was the maste has
 That the childe hadde;
And thare made he no lett
At ~~gate~~, dore ne wykett,
Bot in graythely he gett,
 Sychе maistres he made!
At his first in comynge,
His mere withowttene faylyngе
Kyste the forhevede of the kynge,
 So nerehande he rade!
The kyng had ferly thaa,
And up his hande ganne he taa,
And putt it forthir hym fraa
 The mouthe of the mere.
He saide, " Faire childe and free,
Stonde stille besyde mee,
And telle me wythene that thou bee,
 And what thou wille here."
Thanne saide the fole of the filde,
" I ame myne awnne modirs childe
Comene fro the woddez wylde
 Tille Arthure the dere;
~~g~~isterday saw I knyghtis three,
Sich one sallе thou make mee
On this mere by-for the,
 Thi mete or thou schere!"

From

MANUSCRIPT PORKINGTON 10,

Written in the reign of Edward IV.

God that dyed for us alle,
 And dranke bothe eysell and galle,
 He bryng us alle oute off bale ;
 And gyve hym good lyve and long,
 That woll attend to my song,
 And herkyne on to my talle.
 Ther dwelyd a man in my contre,
 The wyche hade wyyys thre
 Yn proses of certyn tyme ;
 Be hys fyrst wyffe a chyld he had,
 The wyche was a propyr lad
 And ryght an happy hynd ;
 And his fader lovyd hym ryght welle,
 Hys steppe-dame lovyd hym never a delle,
 I telle *ȝ*owe as *y* thynke ;
 She thought hyt lost be the rode
 Alle that ever dyd hymne good,
 Off mette other of drynke ;
 Not halfe ynowe thereofe he had,
 And *ȝ*yt in faythe hit was fulle bad,
 And alle hyr thought yt lost.
 Y pray God evyll mot sche fare,
 For oft sche dyde hym moche care,
 As far forthe as sche durst !
 She good wyffe to hyr husbond yone say,
 For to put away thys boy
 Y hold yt for the beste ;
 In fayth he hys a lether lade,
 Y wold som other man hym had,
 That beter my *ȝ*t hym chaste.
 Than anone spake the good man,
 And to hys wyff sayd he than,
 He ys but *ȝ*ong of age,

He schall be with us lenger,
 Tyll that he be strenger,
 To wyn beter wage.
 We have a mane a strong freke,
 The wyche one fyld kypythe owr nette,
 And sleepyth half the day;
 He schall come home be Mary myld,
 And to the fylde schalle go the chyld,
 And kepe hem gyfe he may.

A LETTER,
 Temp. Henry VIII.

Ryghte honorable and my syngular goode lorde and mayster, all circumstauncys and thankes sett aside, pleasithe yt youre good lordeshipe to be advertisid, that where I was constitute and made by youre honorable desire and commaundmente commissarie generall of the dyosese of Saynte Assaph, I have done my dylygens and dutie for the expulsinge and takynge awaye of certen abusions, supersticions, and ipoeryses usid within the saide diosece of Saynte Assaph, accordynge to the kynges honorable actes and injunctions therin made. That notwithstandinge, ther ys an image of Darvellgadarn within the saide diosese, in whome the people have so greate confidence, hope and truste, that they cumme daylye a pilgramage unto hym, somme withe kyne, other with oxen or horsis, and the reste withe money, insomuche that there was fyve or syxe hundrethe pilgrames, to a mans estimacion, that offered to the said image the fifte daie of this presente monethe of Aprill. The innocent people hathe ben sore aluryd and entisid to worshippe the saide image, insomuche that there is a commyn sayinge as yet amongst them that whosoever will offer anie thinge to the saide image of Davellgadarn, he hathe power to fatche hym or them that so offers oute of hell when they be dampned. Therfore, for the reformacion and amendmente of the

premisses, I wolde gladlie knowe by this berer youre honorable pleasure and will, as knowithe God, who ever preserve your lordeshippe longe in welthe and honor. Writen in Northe Wales, the vj. daye of this presente Aprill.

Youre bedman and dayelyc orator by dutie,
ELIS PRICE.

THE END.











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